

How to Preserve Dates—Enter them in
book and take care not to lose it.

6

A FANCY.

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through ages long
Were collected and inspected

On the half side of the globe!
Or, the border of the dust!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation,
That this world of ours has seen;
And of all of them, not any,

But was once a baby small;

While of children, oh, how many!

Never have grown up at all!

We have never laughed or spoken,
Nor run at their rosy feet;
We have never flown to heaven
Nor thought that earth was sweet;

Never wondered whether,

Earth was every inch

Big enough to hold it together,

Never thought them on earth

With such smiling faces?

Who then will care for us?

Who will wash, and care for them?

Who will earn their little socks?

Where are arms enough to hold them?

Hands to pat each shining head?

Who will praise them? who will scold them?

Who will pack them off to bed?

Little happy Christian children

Little savage children too,

In all stages, of all ages,

What fair planet ever knew!

Little princes and princesses,

Little beggars wan and faint,

Some in very handsome dresses,

Some some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion!

What a motley crowd would make!

The clamor of their chat!

The things that they

Would do if they got loose!

To begin with

And then

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., No. 37 Park Row, New York, and 10 State Street, Boston; PEASLEE & CO., No. 23 Nassau Street; GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 41 Park Row, New York; S. R. NILES, 6 Tremont Street, and T. C. Evans, 106 Washington Street, Boston, are Agents for the INQUIRER AND MIRROR, in those cities, and are authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions for us at our Lowest Rates.

ANNUAL TOWN MEETING.

The Annual Meeting opened on Monday last at 9 A. M., and was organized by the election of Joseph S. Barney as Moderator. William Cobb, Esq. was then re-elected Town Clerk. A great part of the Town's business was despatched with unwonted promptness during Monday forenoon, a feeling of harmony seeming to pervade the meeting.

It was voted to collect the taxes in the same manner as last year, and Gorham Hussey was re-elected Collector of Taxes.

The ninth, thirteenth and fourteenth articles of the warrant were, as usual, referred to the Selectmen; and the twelfth, to the Board of Fireworks.

The subject of selling the South School House was referred to the same Committee who had the West School House in charge last year, Messrs. George K. Long, Andrew M. Myrick and Almon T. Mowry, with full control for two years, to sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the property; and the School Committee were fully authorized, in case of such sale or lease, to provide for the scholars of the Primary school now in the building, by hiring another building or otherwise.

It was voted to appropriate \$6000 for the support of Public Schools the ensuing year; and also to reduce the number of the School Committee from nine to six. The following new members were elected: Messrs. William H. Waitt and Almon T. Mowry for three years, and Rev. George A. Morse for two years (to fill a vacancy).

The fifteenth article of the warrant, in relation to lighting the streets, was believed to have crept into the warrant by accident, and was consigned to the tomb of the Capulets.

A great many other town officers were elected during Monday forenoon, and many of the appropriations were also determined in amount. The meeting adjourned until Tuesday at 2 P. M., that being the hour assigned for the election of a board of five Selectmen.

The special assignment for Tuesday afternoon was the only episode which had a touch of excitement about it. The polls were kept open one hour, and the vote was a large one. The whole number of ballots was 331, and the result was: for Stephen Bailey, 229; Andrew M. Myrick, 200; Barzillai R. Burdett, 233; Samuel Woodward, 205; Elijah H. Alley, 166; and these were elected. Frederick A. Chase had 129; John W. Macy, 104; Alexander Swain, 119; Benjamin Field, 74; Reuben P. Folger, 116; Scattering, 6.

It was voted to raise \$5000 towards paying off the town debt, and \$2000 for county expenses.

Joseph S. Barney and Joseph B. Macy were re-elected Finance Committee.

All minor matters were disposed of with harmony and despatch, and, after a unanimous vote of thanks to the Moderator, the meeting adjourned at 5 P. M. on Tuesday, the whole proceedings having occupied only six hours.

The appropriations made for the ensuing year were as follows: For Public Schools, \$6,000; Poor Department, \$6,500; Interest on Loans, \$3000; Night and Evening Watch, \$900; Engine, Hook and Ladder Companies, \$1,200; Cistern and Fire Apparatus, \$200; Repairs on Highways, \$250; County Expenses, \$2,000; Contingent Expenses, \$3,000; Assessors' Salaries, \$132; Town Treasurer's Salary, \$100; Reduction of Town Debt, \$5,000; Total, \$28,282. Of this amount, it was voted to raise \$24,000 by taxation.

The following is a complete list of officers elected at the Annual Meeting:

Town Clerk.—William Cobb.

Town Treasurer.—Samuel Swain.

Collector of Taxes.—Gorham Hussey.

Surveyor of Highways.—Robert Calder.

School Committee.—(For three years)—

William H. Waitt, Almon T. Mowry. (For two years)—George A. Morse.

Assessors.—Gorham Hussey, George K. Long, Andrew M. Myrick.

Selectmen.—Stephen Bailey, Andrew M. Myrick, Samuel Woodward, Elijah H. Alley, Barzillai R. Burdett.

Finance Committee.—Joseph S. Barney, Joseph B. Macy.

Firewards.—Joseph S. Barney, Joseph B. Macy, John A. Hussey, Thaddeus C. Defriez, Prince W. Ewer, William Cash, Stephen Bailey, Obed Swain, David C. Baxter, James H. Gibbs, John C. Brock, Joseph Marshall, William M. Hallett, James Wyer, Andrew M. Myrick, Joseph Winslow, Charles C. Mooers, William S. Chadwick, Charles S. Cathcart, John A. Beebe.

Field Drivers.—Joseph M. Folger, Frederick Hoeg, George W. Coffin, Levi S. Coffin, Charles C. Chadwick, Sylvanus Morey, Hiram C. Folger, Asa P. Jones.

Fence Viewers.—Allen Smith, John W. Macy, William C. L'Hommedieu.

Cullers of Coopers' Stuff.—Amaziah Fisher, Charles E. Hayden.

Pound-Keeper.—William Rawson.

Constables.—Joseph Hamblin, Josiah F. Barrett, Rowland Folger, William Rawson, Daniel T. Dunham, Joseph S. Swain.

Health Officers.—William Worth, Joseph Hamblin, Cromwell C. Morslander.

Fish Wardens.—Joseph C. Sheffield, Chas. E. Snow, Charles K. Manter, John B. Brooks, George W. Coffin, George B. Coffin, Warren F. Ramsdell, David Bunker, Isaac P. Dunham, Thomas F. Sansbury.

Surveyors of Lumber.—John W. Macy, Allen Smith, James H. Gibbs.

Committee on Truant Children.—Charles G. Coffin, Frederick A. Chase, Joseph Hamblin, William H. Waitt.

The New Bedford Standard completed its twenty-second volume on the 15th inst.

A VERY GOOD STORY.—I listened to a "good one" on Thurlow Weed, says a New York correspondent. Weed had about as much system in keeping his accounts (and his money) as Micawber. He was a little greater man, though, and had that grain of good sense which suggested to him the propriety of placing any specific sum of money which he did not want spent at random in the hands of some financier friend. In 1856, "T. W." came to New York and received \$25,000 from his Republican friends—\$10,000 for the purpose of defeating Fillmore for President, \$10,000 for the use of the Republicans in Albany, and \$5,000 for the Evening Journal. For safe keeping he gave the Albany central committee ten thousand dollars to the Journal's credit, and requested his partner, (Mr. Sinclair, I believe,) to place the secret \$10,000 to be used against his old friend Fillmore, to his, Sinclair's credit, in bank, which could be drawn as required. He did so. One fine morning Sinclair dropped dead from heart disease. The \$10,000 stood to his personal credit, without a word of explanation. In vain Thurlow Weed sought the ear of the bank officers. They could do nothing. The executors of the estate found the \$10,000 to Mr. Sinclair's credit. They could not, without proof, hand it over to Mr. Weed or his political friends. Thus it was swept into the dead man's estate, and into the hands of his fascinating widow. Not dollar was used to defeat the placid Millard Fillmore. A year thereafter the honorable ex-President from Buffalo and the charming widow of Mr. Weed's partner were attracted by that mysterious influence presided over by Venus. A few months later they were united by the hymenial knot, and poor Weed saw his darling \$10,000, raised to defeat Mr. Fillmore, in 1856, directed from its original purpose into the unsuccessful candidate's "marriage portion!" It is said that Thurlow Weed tells this good joke on himself with a relish.

Dancing School.

Mr. J. H. BACKUS will commence a term for beginners in Plain and Fancy Dancing, as soon as a sufficient number of names are obtained. All wishing to attend, are requested to leave their names at the store of Mr. William H. Weston.

Nantucket, Feb. 17th, 1872.

HENRY R. TUCKER,
MERCHANTISE BROKER,

18 BROAD STREET,

BOSTON.

Nov. 18th, 1871—tf

MARRIED.

In this town, on Thursday last, by Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Mr. Franklin H. Folger and Miss Nellie T., daughter of Capt. Zenas M. Coleman, both of this town.

In East Boston, 8th inst., by Rev. Mr. Waldron, Mr. George B. Randall, formerly of this town, to Miss Annie S. Baker.

In Fairhaven, 14th inst., by Rev. E. A. Lyon, assisted by Rev. John Gray, Henry L. Pitman, of New Bedford, to Miss Lucy J. Alden, of Fairhaven.

In Attleboro', 15th inst., at the residence of the officiating clergyman, Rev. William H. Starr, Mr. Isaac E. Farrar, of N. Bridgewater, and Miss Charlotte F., only daughter of Capt. Henry Cleaveland, of this town. [N. Bridgewater paper please copy.]

DIED.

In Brooklyn, 1st inst., Gershom Drew, formerly of this town, aged 60 years.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

Saturday, Feb. 17th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

Monday, Feb. 19th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

Tuesday, Feb. 20th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Steamer Verbena, Gibbs, Vineyard Haven.

Wednesday, Feb. 21st.

ARRIVED—Sloop Tawtomeo, Ray, New Bedford.

Thursday, Feb. 22d.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

CLEAR AIR.—Tuesday was a very fine day, and the air so remarkably clear, that from the South tower, the hills of Cape Cod, from the high lands of Truro on the east, to Sandwich on the west, were plainly visible. The buildings on the high grounds near Hyannis could be seen with the naked eye, and with a glass, the stores on the wharf and the depot were visible.

SHERBURN DRAMATIC CLUB.—Our readers will be pleased to learn that another performance by this company will be given in Atheneum Hall within two weeks. "Neighbor Jao' wood" put all who witnessed the interesting play in excellent humor, and we doubt not that the announcement of another dramatic exhibition by this popular band of amateurs will ensure for them crowded houses. We hope so. Due notice will be given in our advertising columns.

On Monday last, 50 men in dories, were engaged raking sea clams; and taking the average at fifteen bushels each, 750 bushels were landed on that day. This business has become a source of considerable revenue to the town; more than one thousand barrels of opened bait having already been taken from the island this season, to supply fishing vessels abroad. The opened bait sells at about eight dollars per barrel.

AN ASTONISHED SAVAGE.—The Chicago Post's Plains correspondent writes: "I never saw so many Indians in my life. I should think there were a million at least. I won't take off an Indian; though several of them will get taken off before spring if General Palmer moves westward. They are dressed mostly in blankets and bear's grease. They are a confiding people. Yesterday a squad of thirteen came into our tent, and the oldest availed himself of the right of seniority by sitting down on our hot box stove, which he mistook for a valise. He was very much surprised, and the quartermaster has been issuing laudanum poultices ever since."

A gentleman while walking in Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, was jostled by a stranger, and after proceeding a few yards felt in his pocket in vain for his watch. He hastened back, overtook the thief, and pointing his revolver, sternly demanded, "Give me that watch." The stranger surrendered it without a word and hurried away. On reaching home the gentleman was startled in the middle of his narrative of his desperate encounter with a highwayman by an interruption from his wife: "Why, John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

Cows for Sale.

I NOW have three new Milch Cows, and shall probably have some constantly on hand for the next few months, and for sale at an unreasonably low price. They can be seen at my barn on Union Street.

JOSEPH VINCENT

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1872.

SALES

MARRIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, by Rev. George A. Morse, Mr. George M. Swain to Miss Charlotte M. Pease, both of this town.

In this town, on Monday evening last, by Rev. George A. Morse, Mr. Walter J. King to Miss Sarah J. Swan, both of this town.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by William Cobb, Esq., Mr. Levi R. Taylor, of this town, to Miss Mary C. Young, of Dennisport.

In Boston, on Sunday last, by Rev. Henry Lummis, Mr. James M. Marshall, of Boston, to Mrs. Susan S. Kennerly, formerly of this town.

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday last, Capt. Isaiah Folger, aged 77 years.

In this town, on Tuesday morning last, Mr. Francis Sylvia, aged 63 years, 4 mos. and 17 days.

In East Boston, 20th ult., Alice L., child of Henry C. and Annie M. Blossom, aged 1 year, 8 months and 22 days.

In Toledo, O., 26th ult., Mrs. Jane, widow of Capt. Obed Folger, formerly of this town, aged 82 years.

Steamboat Company Notice.

THERE will be a Special Meeting of the Nantucket and Cape Cod Steamboat Company, at the Atheneum, (west room), on Tuesday evening next, July 9th, at 7 1/2 o'clock, to vote upon the question of changing the route to Wood's Hole, upon the completion of the Old Colony and Newport Railway to that place; and to act on and transact all matters pertaining to the foregoing. A punctual attendance is desired.

GEORGE C. MACY, Secretary.

Nantucket, July 6th, 1872.

The Barnstable Patriot of Tuesday, says the day when the cars will be running to Falmouth is not far distant. The construction train will probably make its debut to the citizens in Falmouth village before our next issue.

SUPERIOR AND SUPREME COURTS.—The Superior Court which was adjourned until Monday last, assembled at three o'clock. Judge, L. F. Brigham. Prayer was offered by Rev. George A. Morse, and the juries sworn and discharged, there being no business before the Court.

The Supreme Court, Judge Chapman, opened and closed its session on Tuesday forenoon. But little business was transacted and there were no cases of general interest. The following divorces were decreed: Sarah B. Baldwin, from William H. Baldwin; Harriet N. Pease, from Matthew Pease; Susan B. Pompey, from Sampson D. Pompey.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The thirty-sixth semi-annual examination of the Salem Normal School took place on Tuesday last, in presence of a large number of distinguished visitors, including Gov. Washburn, Rev. A. A. Miner, Hon. Joseph White and other members of the State Board of Education. The exercises throughout attested the proficiency of the school. Miss Sarah C. Robinson of this town, was one of the graduates, who numbered thirty-four.

Miscellaneous Reading.

The Reward of Virtue.

"Eli Perkins" tells the following pathetic story in the New York *Commercial Advertiser*:

A day or two since a kindly looking young man called upon Mr. James S. Sturgis, the well-known tea and coffee importer of New street.

"Do you remember me?" asked the young man, bowing, and holding his hat deferentially in both hands.

"No, I really can't recollect you now, young man," replied Mr. Sturgis, looking inquiringly over his glass.

"Don't you remember giving \$2.50 to a poor boy a few years ago to start in the newspaper business?" continued the good young man.

"No—no! I can't possibly recollect anything about it. Let's see—no—I'm positive that I don't remember you," and Mr. Sturgis went on examining his ledger.

"Well, Mr. Sturgis, I came to tell you that I am that boy, and that your kindness made a man of me. I am now in a flourishing business—the cigar business—and well enough off to keep my horses and enjoy a credit among business men. I want you should take the \$2.50 back with my deepest obligation, and the young man handed a \$10 bill to Mr. Sturgis.

"All right," said Mr. Sturgis, "you can leave the \$2.50, if you insist."

"And the interest, too," continued the honest fellow.

"Oh, hang the interest! Good morning—good morning, sir!" and the South street mill-

Two or three mornings after this occurrence the great importer looked up and saw the same young man, all out of breath, coming into his office.

"I say, Mr. Sturgis! I've just got!—a splendid!—chance!—to make some money!—A man!—who has just failed!—'round on Beaver street!—will let me have!—2,000 Havana cigars!—for \$75!—and!—I came in!—in a great hurry!—to see if you wouldn't lend me the money for half an hour!"

And then the young man ceased for want of breath.

"Why, yes, young man," said Mr. Sturgis, "if it is any accommodation, I don't mind the \$75. Here Michael (turning to the porter) you go around to Beaver street with the young man, pay the \$75, and bring the 2,000 cigars here to be stored;" and then Mr. S. looked very kindly at his honest young protege.

"But Mr. Sturgis you needn't send Michael, I'll—"

"No trouble at all sir," said Mr. Sturgis, "Michael has noth—"

"But O, sir, I'm afraid you doubt my integrity," interrupted the young man, "you are afraid to trust me. You wound my honor," replied the young man much affected. "I hope you don't doubt my pure intention, Mr. Sturgis?"

O, no—not at all; but \$75 is a good deal of money in these times. I don't know you very well, and—"

"But my self respect will not permit me to do this," replied the young man, looking honestly into the millionaire's face. "Really I can't do it, I'd rather lose the trade."

"Well, all right, said Mr. Sturgis. "Good morning sir!" and the young man left with his pride deeply wounded.

* * * * *

The next day the good young man called again. Mr. Sturgis was out—in the back room.

"Do you remember my leaving \$2.50 here the other day?" stepping up to the cashier.

"Yes very well—very well, sir."

"Well, I was under the impression that I borrowed it of Mr. James S. Sturgis; but it was Mr. Russell Sturgis, and if you'll please hand it back, I'll—"

"You'll try and swindle somebody else!" shouted Mr. Sturgis, coming out of the back room. "No, sir, my honest young man; I think I've wasted just about two dollars worth of time on you, and will keep this little amount to remember you by."

Mr. Sturgis' new protege went away much aggrieved. He looked the picture of injured innocence, which quite melted Mr. Sturgis' heart. In a moment he felt that perhaps the young man might be right after all, and he sent the porter to overtake him with his \$2.50.

Mr. Sturgis is now perfectly satisfied as to the intention of the young man. This morning the bank sent back the \$10. It was a very ingenious counterfeit. It deceived the bank at first. Mr. Sturgis looked at the bill a long time, then he turned to his cashier and remarked, "evidently there is a mistake somewhere or else we have been deceived."

Then Mr. Sturgis filled up the following formula: The miserable—mean—swindling—scoundrel—

That was all he said, except to guard his cashier against making any remark about the affair, as he didn't like to have his friends get hold of it.

Poetry.

THE QUAKER MEETING.

1688.

[From "The Germantown Pilgrim," an unpublished Poem.]

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Fair First Day Mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him like some mother-hallowed psalm.

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music, with no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise.
The scattered settlers through green forest ways,
Walk meetingward. In reverent amaze,

The Indian Trapper saw them from the dim
Shade of the alders, on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room,
From locust trees heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came
Whose fervor jail nor pillory could tame—
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame.

Men who had eaten Slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles; pale women who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars;
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered near the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,
Whispered and smiled, and oft their feet delayed.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Old, kindly faces, youth and maidenhood,
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good.

And greeting all with quiet smile and word,
Pastorius went his way. The unscarred bird
Sang at his side, scarcely the squirrel stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
And whereso'er the good man looked or trod
He felt the peace of Nature and of God.

—N. Y. Independent.

A TELEGRAPH STORY.—On a certain Saturday night, the folks at the bank of England could not make the balance come right by just £100. This is a serious matter in that little establishment; I do not mean the cash, but the mistake in arithmetic; for it occasions a world of scrutiny. An error in balancing has been known, I have been told, to keep a delegation of clerks from each office at work sometimes the whole night. A hue and cry was of course made after this £100, as if the old lady in Thread-needle street would be in the *Gazette* for want of it. Luckily on the Sunday morning, a clerk—in the middle of the sermon, I dare say, if the truth were known—felt a suspicion of the truth dart through his mind quicker than any flash of the telegraph itself. He told the chief cashier on Monday morning, that perhaps the mistake might have occurred in packing some boxes of specie for the West Indies, which had been sent to Southampton for shipment. The suggestion was immediately acted upon. Here was a race—lighteing against steam, with eight and forty hours start given. Instantly the wires asked, "whether such a vessel had left the harbor?" "Just weighing anchor," was the answer. "Stop her!" frantically shouted the electric telegraph. It was done. "Have up on deck certain boxes marked so and so; weigh them carefully." They were weighed; and one—the delinquent—was found by just one packet of a hundred sovereigns heavier than it ought to be. "Let her go," said the mysterious telegraph. The West Indian folks were debited with just £100 more, and the error was corrected without ever looking into boxes or delaying the voyage by an hour. Now that is what may be called "doing business."—Henry Rogers.

73-105-(12)

P. F. M.

Miscellaneous Reading.

From Wood's Household Magazine.

"LIZ."

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

"What are you up to, Liz?" And Dick Saunders, the tin peddler, stalked into the large, well-ordered country kitchen, and with only this salutation, drew off his grey yarn mittens, and proceeded to warm his almost benumbed fingers by the roaring fire that sputtered and crackled under Liz's large boiler of clothes.

"I'm up to my eyes in the wash-tub," replied the individual thus addressed, not over politely.

"That's what I was a thinking," said he. "The boiler holds out good, don't it now? The last time it set to leaking, I thought it was all day with the patriarch—buttered if I didn't. No wonder that folks blow on my ware!"

"I was telling Miss Avery the other day," interrupted Liz, "that when she wanted any more tin things I hoped she'd send to town after them. Your stuff has listened to your gab and brag so long that somehow it's got a bad eddication. Now them pans never behaved like the pans Tim Bucklin used to bring round. They're always a bending and springing a leak. To speak a little plainer, I am always afeared to trust 'em, especially when it's unusually important that they should hold in."

"What in nature are you driving at, Liz?" inquired poor Dick, a genuine look of wonder overspreading his face. But before his companion could have time to reply, the door of the sitting room softly opened, and a young lady apparently very deep in thought, and very much troubled in spirit, for her eyes were red and heavy with weeping, appeared on the threshold.

"What is it, Flory?" said Liz, scooping the white suds from her strong, red arms, and with such a little thrill of tenderness in her voice, that the peddler involuntarily turned to see what it could mean, and then remembering his manners, said hastily,

"Good morning, Miss Avery! Hope you're well."

The young lady gave a little start of surprise, and then recovering herself, said with considerable annoyance in her tone,

"I'm quite well, thank you, Dick. I thought you were alone, Liz," and immediately left the kitchen.

"Now what's the matter with her?" inquired the tin merchant. "Golly! ain't she been bawling though! I tell ye what 'tis, Liz, if a feller wants to know the secrets of families, all he's got to do is to turn tin peddler."

"And lie," added Liz, punching the clothes in the boiler with such force as to send the scalding suds in Dick's immediate neighborhood, causing said gentleman to change his quarters without loss of time.

"Say, now, what is it that ails the gal, Liz? I won't say a word about it to nobody. If I do, shoot me."

"How long did you say you'd been travelling round this country?" asked Liz, with a comical twinkle of her eyes.

"Nigh about twelve years. Why?"

"Because it seems to me, pretty near time that you should a learnt that wimmen folks is wimmen folks; and when you'll find me a woman that don't have her crying spells, I'll find you a tin peddler that minds his own business."

"Thanks, marm," replied Dick, dryly. "Have a queer sort of an idee, somehow that last remark is intended for me. All day, Liz! Hope the next time I'm round you'll be better-natured."

Not a word answered Liz. The peddler jumped into his cart and drove away; and in and out of the suds went those stalwart arms, the muscular and ungainly form keeping time to the quick and defiant music of the rubbing board.

"Oh, he's gone! I am so glad!" And now the graceful figure came softly out again and crept close to the side of the busy woman.

"I want you to read my letter, Liz—the one I have just written to him."

"Well, who's him? There are two on 'em, you know," replied Liz quietly, and with great self-possession.

"Yes, Liz," and now the beautiful brown eyes again overflowed, and the sobbing child drew still nearer as she whispered:

"But there is only one I could write to, of course, even if I knew where he was," with an accent on the personal pronoun which told its own story.

"Then what you mean to tell me is that you have just written a letter to Hiram Scoville?"

"Yes, Liz."

"Wal, go on."

"Don't look at me, Liz, while I read it! I just said this. You know how father and mother have been taking on lately—calling me undutiful, and headstrong, and obstinate, and saying that I meant to break their hearts—?"

"Is this in the letter?" queried Liz.

"No; I am saying this to you. You know deary, how hard my life has been for the last six months—well, ever since—"

"Yes, Flory, I know all about it. Now read the letter before anybody comes in."

"Dear Friend Hiram," came tremulously from the sweet lips.

"Humph," grunted Liz.

"What else could I say?" said poor Flory, desparingly. "He is my friend, isn't he?"

"That depends pretty much on your idea of a friend. My friend don't torment me. He saves me from suffering if he can; and if he can't, bears it with me, carrying as much of the burden as God will let him. No friend will ever ask a woman to marry him the second time after he has been once refused."

"But Liz—"

"There are no buts in the case."

"Love makes men bold, and sometimes reckless. You must think of that."

"Love never does no such thing," said Liz, who was never known to be grammatical, save in the moments of excitement.

The trembling girl commenced again.

"Friend Hiram. Now, don't speak again, please, Liz, till I finish," as the strange woman gave unmistakable indications of inward rebellion. "It is the wish of my parents that I write you, and say that it is their desire I should accept you as my future husband. I don't love you one single bit, and I am sure I never shall; but if you want me under these circumstances, I have nothing more to say, save that I utterly refuse to receive any especial attention from you preceding our marriage."

"Wal, now, I vow, Flory Avery, I should laugh if anybody in the house was a laying degd. Tell a man you've made up your mind to marry him, and at the same time inform him that all the courting has got to be postponed until after the wedding. Do you suppose because a minister has mumbled over a few words—nothing in the least disrespectful to the minister intended—that on this account kisses and courting will be any more welcome than now?"

"No, Liz, no! The thought of it drives me wild; but there is nothing left for me to do. Mother is crying up stairs now; and father has hardly spoken to me for a whole week because of my wilfulness. I've been reading the Bible for an hour, Liz, dear, and that is what has decided me. The command is: 'children, obey your parents!' and there is no way I can dodge it."

"Just like the rest of educated folks, you have choked yourself to death with the letter and thrown the spirit overboard. Now my common sense tells me that you don't understand the meaning of what you've been reading. It is: 'Wives, obey your husbands in the Lord'; and it is: 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord.' Now the Lord is love, Flory dear, and he gives you these very feelings of like and dislike, this liking to be with

a person or hating to be with a person, to guide you through life. They are weapons that the poor carnal flesh couldn't get along without. Now if you take the pistol that God puts in your hands to keep the wild animals away, and lay it down side of you, and let the critters come in and devour you, who is to blame, I wonder?" You mustn't think that your Father in Heaven didn't know what kind of timber he was putting into you when he got you up. As far as I've observed—and I haven't lived to be thirty years old without learning some things—there is nothing that brings so much misery with it as marriage without love. Don't you do it, Flory dear—don't you do it."

"But, Liz, you know that I shall never love anybody. Oh! why did he go and get married?" And again the beautiful head was bowed upon the faithful bosom of the servant and companion.

"Why did you cut up so with him, Flory?—Why did you grieve him by flirting with a fellow you could hardly bear in your sight? How long do you suppose a man with ordinary self-respect is going to stand that sort of work? 'Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind!' There is nothing truer than this between the covers of the Bible. If he has married without love, he'll have the same kind of a crop."

"What shall I do with this letter, Liz?"

"Burn it up!"

"What shall I do with father and mother?"

"Let 'em quit!"

"What shall I do with my own aching heart?"

"Put a rousing big poultice of faith and love on it, and then make yourself as useful as you can to other folks. There's nothing like the helping another to forget yourself."

"You have made a mistake; that is, if there is any such thing as mistakes—sometimes I ain't clear on that p'int—but anyhow, it won't help that to put your foot in it again, so long as you know better, you see. There can't be no real sin, I suppose, until knowledge is born. Give me that letter!"

Flory, with a wistful look in her brown eyes, passed over the document, and in a moment more it was ablaze under the boiler.

It was very plain to the watchful Liz that a storm was brewing, which threatened to bring things to a crisis without loss of time. Never was a "work got out" with such speed. The day passed on, dinner and tea were over. Liz's clothes had been brought in and nicely folded down, when Flory ran hastily into the kitchen, saying:

"Liz, father has sent for me in the sitting-room, and I do wish you could come in some way. I'm so afraid I shall give in, if you are not there to strengthen me."

"I'll dodge in after a while," said Liz. "Keep a stiff upper lip and make a good fight. No father and mother has any right to command a child to marry a man she don't love. The Lord God Almighty is on your side, Flory Avery! Now go along and behave yourself."

Ay, that was a stormy scene. Farmer Avery, who had firmly decided that his daughter should marry the man he had selected, was as hard and cold as a stone. Bitter words fell from his lips—words that Flory never supposed he could utter.

"Do you think," said he, "that I am going to permit you to go puling round the house like a sick kitten, because you are wicked enough, mean enough, to be in love with a married man?"

"How do you know he is a married man?" inquired Liz, with such strange earnestness in her voice that Flory caught her breath, and grew pale and crimson by turns.

"I saw it in the newspaper with my own eyes."

"Wal," said Liz, quaintly, "I saw in the newspaper the other day that 'Squire Bill Avery was worth seventy-five thousand dollars, and I heard the same 'Squire Avery swear it was the biggest lie that ever was told.'

Total.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1872.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by Rev. George A. Morse, Mr. Joseph A. Grant, of Chelsea, to Miss Mary J. Beckman, of this town.

In Nantucket, 11th inst., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Alvan Bond, D. D., Mr. Franklin T. Baker, of Pawtucket, R. I., to Mrs. Harriet M. Sweet, of Bridgewater, Mass., daughter of Elisha M. Beckwith, Esq., of Norwich.

In Wareham, 17th inst., by Rev. D. M. Rogers, Mr. Charles H. Barrett, to Miss Emma Jane Lucas, both of Wareham.

DIED.

In this town, on Tuesday last, Mrs. Polly, wife of William C. Hussey, aged 71 years, 21 days.

In this town, on Wednesday morning last, Mr. Alexander Hillman, aged 70 years, 5 months.

At Chinese Camp, California, 5th inst., Mrs. Rebecca, wife of Mr. Charles Mayhew, aged 55 years.

In San Francisco, 7th inst., Mr. Albert Macy, formerly of this town, aged 61 years.

In Lynn, 14th inst., Hon. John H. Shaw, of this town, aged 74 years.

In Stockton, Cal., Oct. 24th, Mrs. Anna M., wife of Mr. Frank Miller, and daughter of Benjamin F. and Elizabeth Coffin, of this town, aged 30 years, 10 mos.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

SAILLED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

SAILED—Sloop Charles Everson, Marston, Cotuit; sloop W O Nettleton, Brown, Boston.

Monday, November 18th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

ARRIVED—Sloop Tawtomeo, Ray, New Bedford.

SAILED—Sch Onward, Gorham, New York.

Tuesday, November 19th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

Thursday, November 21st.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

SAILED—Sloop Mary Francis, Matthews, Yarmouth.

Friday, November 22d.

SAILED—Sloop Tawtomeo, Ray, New Bedford.

A friend informs us that the number of fish taken at Siasconset on Monday and Tuesday last, was 4,525.

LAND PURCHASE.—Marcus Starbuck, Esq., of Falmouth Heights, and Joseph Gibbs, of Wareham, have purchased of Andrew Gibbs, of East Wareham, 60 acres of land, near Great Hill, at the head of and bordering on Buzzard's Bay. It is to be surveyed and laid out into cottage lots, which will no doubt find ready purchasers when the beauties and advantages of the location are known. It affords excellent facilities for fishing, the waters of the Bay abounding with bass and other species of the finny tribe, while the shores are filled with clams, quahaug, and other shell fish, and the southwest breezes, with their refreshing coolness, are wafted across the tract, creating a delightful temperature in the summer. We hope that it will prove a complete success.—*Falmouth Chronicle.*

FATAL ACCIDENT TO A NANTUCKET MAN.—A letter received here from San Francisco reports that Mr. Albert Macy, formerly of this town, was fatally injured by a fall from a ladder, on the 7th inst. Mr. Macy was a single man, 61 years of age, and a son of the late Peleg Macy. He has been a resident of California since he went there, with many others from this place, during the times of the great migration.

Our Callao friend, G. A. Myrick, sends us the *South Pacific Times* of October 19th, which has a congratulatory leader upon the opening of the telegraphic cable line between Colon and the Island of Jamaica, thus placing the Isthmus of Panama in daily communication with Europe and with the United States. News from this country may now reach Callao and other Peruvian ports in five days.

The women of Damascus, Illinois, take part in the discussions of the Farmers' Club meeting. A recent conundrum was, "Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was of course decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and at the next meeting each appeared with a "three decker" head dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

An unlucky person on being asked what he cleared on a certain speculation, answered, "Nothing but my pockets."

We have received a pamphlet copy of the sermon, entitled, "The search after Truth," delivered in Harrison Hall, Minneapolis, by Rev. L. K. Washburn, formerly of this town. It is a fine specimen of his usual powerful, epigrammatic style, and cannot fail to interest readers as well as hearers, particularly all whose religious views are of the liberal order.

JOSEPH McCLEAVE, DEALER IN Franklin, Burnside, AND WHITE ASH COALS, OAK AND PINE WOOD, FLOUR & GRAIN,

LIME, CEMENT AND HAIR.
Whale Street, between the heads of the Old South and Commercial Wharves.
Nantucket, Jan. 3d, 1872—tf

ANDREW M. MYRICK, AUCTIONEER

—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT.
Corner of Main and Water Streets, Nantucket.
m11—tf

T. W. RIDDELL, AUCTIONEER

—AND—
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
MAIN STREET, NANTUCKET,

Having removed his Auction Store to his old stand, corner of Main and Union Streets, and being truly thankful for past favors, solicits the patronage of the public, and consignments from abroad. Jan 10

SIASCONSET!



NOW on hand, and in superior order, a lot of Siasconset, full sized codfish, of this spring's catch. Can be packed in fifty or one hundred pound packages, in good matting, free of extra charge, and will be sold at the lowest price for cash. T. W. CALDER.

To Correspondents.

THE Boston office of the subscriber is changed to No. 1 Merchants' Exchange, State Street.
mch 30tf ALFRED MACY.

TAX NOTICE.

ALL those who have not paid their taxes, are hereby notified that they must call at the Collector's Office and pay them; as by a vote of the town, all taxes must be paid before the twenty-fifth day of this month, (November).
nov 16 GORHAM HUSSEY, Collector.

TOOTHACHE

IMMEDIATELY relieved—a NEW preparation.
lmo14—tf A. G. COFFIN, Dentist.

DR. FRANKLIN A. ELLIS, NO. 5 BROAD STREET,

NANTUCKET, MASS.

TWO DOORS EAST OF THE OCEAN HOUSE.)
Office hours from 8 to 9 o'clock, morning and evenings, and 1 to 2 afternoons.

Nantucket, June 29th, 1872—tf

Notice.

THE subscriber, having leased the building formerly occupied by John Winn, head of Commercial Wharf, for the purpose of dressing cattle and hogs, wishes to inform the inhabitants of this town, that he is prepared to kill and dress hogs and cattle, and also to cut and deliver the same at the auction table, as per order.
o12—6m BENJAMIN ROGERS.

New Style Hats!

JUST RECEIVED
by m4 C. S. CATHCART

New and Attractive!

A CHOICE STOCK OF

BOOTS & SHOES,

—FOR—

Spring and Summer.

ALL THE LATEST STYLES AT LOW PRICES,

—AT—

a27 C. H. STARBUCK'S.

Notice to Coat Makers.

THE subscriber having purchased the entire business of Mr. A. B. Robinson, will carry on the business of Coat making, and be prepared to furnish sewers with steady employment, at the best prices.

He is also agent for the sale of the American Sewing Machine, one of the best in the market (which he will sell for cash or furnish on the instalment plan.) He has, also, machines of various patterns for sale on the most reasonable terms.

TIMOTHY H. FISHER.

Picked Up,

A DRIFT, near Siasconset, a large dory. The owner can have the same, by proving property and paying charges.
n9—3w A. FOLGER, JR.,
HORACE HEWITT.

Flour, Corn and Meal,

FOR sale by the subscriber,
s23—tf ALEXANDER CARTWRIGHT.

A CARD.

THE wife and family of the late Mr. Thomas Snow tender their most sincere and heartfelt thanks to the citizens who so promptly and kindly assisted them both previous to, and at the time of his funeral.
n16—1t

Hats and Caps.

JUST received a large assortment of Hats and Caps of all kinds, for gents', youths and children, of the very latest styles and at the very lowest prices for Cash, at N. COGGESHALL'S

GRAND BAZAAR.

ju 29

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ATHENEUM LECTURES.

A COURSE OF LECTURES, under the auspices of the Nantucket Atheneum, will be given in ATHENEUM HALL, the course to consist of at least five lectures and a musical entertainment.

The first of the course will be given on Monday evening, Dec. 2d, 1872, by

MISS KATE STANTON.

Subject—"Loves of Great Men."
To be followed at intervals of two weeks, by COL. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, Dec. 16th—"Lessons of Travel."

Rev. W. H. CUDWORTH, Dec. 30th.
Mrs. LOUISE W. FOSS—Reader—Jan. 12th, 1873, and others to be announced.

Tickets for the course, \$1.00, which will be for sale at all the stores where names were taken, and also at the Hall on the evening of the opening lecture.

Tickets for a single entertainment, 25 cents, for sale at the door.

Doors open at 7 P.M. Lecture to commence at 7 1-2.
WILLIAM H. WAITT, ANDREW WHITNEY, WILLIAM H. MACY, Committee.

Nov. 16th, 1872.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE FOR THANKSGIVING.—There will be a Union Meeting at the Unitarian church, on Thursday, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Rev. J. H. Temple.

Winter Arrangement.

NANTUCKET AND WOODS HOLE.

FOUR TRIPS A WEEK.

COMMENCING on Monday next, Oct. 7th, and thereafter until further notice, steamer Island Home, Capt. N. H. Manter, will make four trips per week between this place and Woods Hole, leaving here Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8.30 A. M., and Woods Hole at 1 P. M., touching at Vineyard Haven each way.

Until Saloon arrangements are completed at Woods Hole, the steamer will remain at the wharf there about an hour, for the convenience of passengers who wish to dine on board.

Train leaves Woods Hole at 2.20, P. M., for Boston, New Bedford, Providence, and other points.

Passengers for Nantucket, will take the 8, A. M. train from Old Colony Depot, Boston.

Through tickets for sale on the Boat and baggage checked to New York, Boston, North Bridgewater, New Bedford, Middleboro', Taunton and Providence.

N. B.—The Steamboat Company reserve the privilege of going to all vessels supposed to need assistance, and they are at liberty to render such aid as may be required, and also to tow vessels on the passage, without notice.

OCT. 5TH CHAS. C. CROSBY, Clerk.

CLIFF LOTS FOR SALE.

The land on and bordering on

The Highest Part of the Cliff,

Has been laid out in lots of good, convenient size,

50 by 75 FEET,

to build on. There are nearly two hundred in all, which will be staked out and numbered in a few days, and ready for delivery to purchasers. Lithographs of the Premises, showing the lots, avenues and roads, are in course of preparation, and will soon be issued. These lots have a bank and

SEA SHORE PRIVILEGE OF ABOUT 2500 FEET.

Bordering as they do on the cliff and shore, there is a most excellent VIEW OF THE SOUND FOR NEAR

FORTY MILES,

while to the east is a good view of the town, and to the south and west there is quite an extensive view of the Island. The sea shore at the foot of the cliff, is one of the best places for

SEA BATHING

around our island. Application may be made at present, to

CHARLES G. COFFIN,
HENRY COFFIN,
M. BARNEY,
or CHAS. H. ROBINSON.

Nantucket, Oct. 12, 1872.

Notice.

BILLS due J. P. White on the 10th day of July last, are left with me for immediate collection.
JAMES M. BUNKER,
Assignee's Attorney.

a019

The best definition of scandal ever given according to Arthur Helps, was that of the little girl who described it thus: "Nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling it everywhere."

Great Readers.

"Lavin's a great reader," said my neighbor, Mrs. Peters, with an air of pride. "There ain't nothin' hardly that she don't read. I never had no education, and I work so hard that if I take up a paper just before I go to bed—and that's all the time I get—I drop right off to sleep; but Lavin, she makes up for it. She sets up half the night porin' over her books, till I tell her 'twill kill her. Hard? Well, yes, 'tis ruther hard for me to do all the work for eight of us, and I sort of hoped that Lavin would take to housework after she come from the seminary, but she don't care for nothin' but her readin'."

I waited with some curiosity the entrance of the young lady, whom I hoped to interest in a great subject that lay near my heart. I felt more curious than hopeful, for I had seen too many of these great readers, and yet, if I could have one well-read, sensible woman-friend at Bumbleville my exile would be more tolerable. Miss Peters entered the room, and my faint hope fell to zero. I had known her all my life, only she was not always called Miss Peters. I heard her called Miss Brown, Miss Smith—any name you like, but always the same insane body, with sometimes a Grecian nose and sometimes a snub, just so many braids, so many curls and so many crimpes, with huge panniers, a trailing dress, and much cheap jewelry.

We entered into conversation.

"Did she often climb the mountains that commanded a grand and extensive view?"

"No; she didn't care for scenery; her passion was reading."

"Indeed! Had she read Buckle and Froude and Lecky and Ruskin?"

"Never heard of such people. What queer names! She took all the magazines for ladies, and six story papers; and, had I read the 'Maid of Cochecho Mountain?' and wasn't the 'Wolfman of the Haunted Forest, or the Hero of the Bloody Butcher Knife,' a sweet thing?"

It was the old story. A mother toiling early and late that her daughter may be better educated than herself; a superficial training; a smattering of philosophy, mathematics and history, with a little French and music, and the girl goes home, not to help bear the family burdens, but to dawdle about, tatting a little, crocheting a little, and reading sensational novels without limit; novels whose interest hinges on the love of a pure girl for a dissipated villain, who offers at the shrine of the heroine's innocence and beauty the remains of the vice eaten muscle he terms his heart. Lavinia reads, sighs and—mildews. By and by her prince arrives, with his waxed moustache, his white hands, his empty head, his cigars, his drunken sprees. He tells Lavinia that he has been "rather too wild," but that she can save him, and if she won't, his ruin will lay at her door. Lavinia's friends remonstrate, but she says firmly that she will marry the idol of her soul, if she has to carry him home drunk every night.

They marry, and soon the husband returns to his old fashions, and there is little of him but blasphemy, tobacco smoke, and the fumes of liquor. Children are born feeble and wretched, some to escape happily into eternity, after a short, wailing life, others to live, inheriting the father's base nature, and crushing slowly the weak mother's heart by their misconduct, and people say, "Strange that some people are born to trouble! Lavinia was pretty, and she had good advantages, and was a great reader, but she had a sad life."

Strange? There is nothing strange about it. The strange thing would be a happy and fortunate life after sowing and watering such trouble-bearing seeds.

Dear girls, the best novels ever written will harm you, if you read nothing else. You will grow sentimental, morbid and self-seeking. Common duties will become distasteful, common pleasures insipid, your brain will be flaccid, your mental tone destroyed. I believe that half the wretched marriages spring from the romantic, vapid reading of our girls. She who can talk sensibly of the current topics of the day, who can tell whether San Domingo is one of the Orkney Islands or not, and whether, on the whole, she wants it annexed; who reads Spencer and Ruskin and Stuart Mill, doesn't throw her life into the care of the first booby of *roue* who asks her to do so, because it is romantic to be engaged. She considers well what marriage means for herself, her husband and her children, and would a million times rather live unwed than be mated to a fool or a knave.—Elizabeth Churchill in *Woman's Journal*.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Tuesday last, by Rev. S. D. Hosmer, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Nancy S. Mendell, both of this town.

DIED.

In this town, on Monday last, William B. Mitchell, Esq., aged 65 years.

In New Bedford, 13th inst., Susan M., wife of Capt. Samuel G. Swain, and daughter of Charles and Lucretia Hathaway, formerly of this town, aged 44 years and 5 months.

In Detroit, Mich., 14th inst., Mr. Oliver Macy, formerly of this town, aged 52 years and 7 months.

In Newburyport, 7th inst., Mrs. Clarissa Cook, wife of Charles Cook, Esq., aged 76 years.

At the age of eighteen years Mrs. Cook embraced by faith the religion of Christ Jesus and joined the Baptist Church. Afterward she joined the Presbyterian church and at the time of her death she was a member of the Federal street church in this city. Sister Cook was a consistent, earnest and useful Christian. Her excellent qualities of mind and heart had endeared her to a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn their loss. Her departure was sudden, though she had been out of health for some time. Jesus was with her in the parting hour, and to her, death was gain. Mrs. Cook leaves an aged husband and a family of children, and grandchildren, who feel deeply this stroke of death in the removal of one so near and loved.—*Newburyport Herald*.

In this town, on Sunday last, Mrs. Eliza B. Luce, aged 69 years, 14 days.

Dearest Aunt, thou art gone to that far away shore; In thy place on earth, we shall see thee no more; Thy home is in heaven; our loss is thy gain; We'll trust in the Saviour, to meet thee again.

[Com.]

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

Saturday, Jan. 13th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Master, Hyannis

SAILED—Sloop Tawtomeo, Ray, New Bedford.

Monday, Jan. 15th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Master, Hyannis.

Tuesday, Jan. 16th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Master, Hyannis.

Thursday, Jan. 18th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Master, Hyannis.

The Inquirer and Mirror.

RESIGNATION.—Mr. Alexander Macy, Jr.,

has resigned his position as Sub-Master in Academy Hill School, to accept that of Assistant Cashier in the Nantucket Institution for Savings, and has entered upon the duties of his new situation.

MARBLE WORKS!

The subscriber is prepared to furnish

Monuments, Tablets,
Tombstones, Scrolls,
Mantles, Figures,
Slabs, &c., &c.

Of the following Marbles:
Italian of different grades, Statuary, American, Rutland, Danby, Southerland Falls, and Echaillon Marbles of France, which have stood the test of centuries. He has on hand a good assortment of

Tablets, Tombstones, &c.

He is also prepared to furnish all kinds of Granite Work, of Common, Rockport, Uxbridge, and different grades of Quincy Granite; also, Scotch Granite Monuments, Galvanized Iron Rod Fences, Combination Iron and Wood do.

All work furnished and put up in a good substantial manner, and as cheap as can be done anywhere.

15 C. H. ROBINSON, Fair St.

PUBLIC EXERCISES AT THE COFFIN SCHOOL.—On Friday afternoon of last week a large number of parents and friends witnessed the public exercises of the pupils of the Coffin School, under the direction of the principal, Mr. E. B. Fox. The programme embraced recitations in the prescribed studies, vocal and instrumental music, an exhibition in calisthenics, and declamations.

There was no critical examination; but the classes in the Languages, in Geometry and in Algebra evinced careful training; indeed the conduct and advancement of the pupils were one more proof of the ability of Mr. Fox as a faithful teacher and disciplinarian, and of the care and direction of his accomplished assistants, the Misses Paddock, Folger and Riddell.

An evidence of prevailing good feeling among the pupils was very prettily shown by Miss Lydia Coleman, who, in behalf of the whole school, presented to Miss Emma L. Allen, daughter of Capt. Charles E. Allen, of this town, a gold pen, with gold mounted pencil and holder—a gift of gratitude to Miss Allen, for her willing services as pianist through the term.

THE HUMOR OF ADVERTISING—SHOWING HOW A SOLDIER OF THE WAR OF 1812 GOT AN ULSTER OVERCOAT.—During the holiday week a well-known Boston house advertised "Gifts for Christmas—Ulster Coats—send height and breast measure to 'Oak Hall.' "

Many availed themselves of the opportunity to secure by purchase one of those famous English coats as a present for father or brother, and among the many orders by mail came the following letter, which showed a pleasant humor (or an amount of unsophisticated innocence) which was quite irresistible:—

"WALTHAM, Dec. 23, 1871.

Dear Sirs,—I saw in last night's paper, headed Special Notice—'Ulster Overcoats for Christmas Gifts: height and breast measure only required.'

The coat I am wearing every day I think measures 45 inches, and I am 5 feet 11 1/2 inches high, and was 78 years old the 25th of August last. I was a soldier in the war of 1812, and now receive a pension of \$8 per month. With an Ulster Overcoat I could walk out comfortable and warm, and seeing your special notice of a Christmas Gift I send you the desired measure to receive my present.

I give you my sincere thanks,
Very respectfully your servant,

P. S. You can send it by Gibbs Express which is intimately acquainted."

The proprietors of 'Oak Hall,' pleased with the quaint style of their correspondent, took particular pains to inquire about this old pensioner, and finding him an honest, worthy object, made up a package of warm winter clothing, including an *Ulster Overcoat*, which was sent with a "Merry Christmas" wish, and the hope that he could "walk out comfortable and warm" for many years.—*Waltham Free Press*.

From the Providence Journal.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY AN OUTSIDER.

Theme for the reckless taunt and idle jest,
Man's patient vassal or his toy, at best;
Afraid of men, of women more afraid,
From her own shadow cowering in the shade,
Alarmed the sound of her own voice to hear,
Kept in the dark; commanded to "her sphere;"
Scoffed from the platform with pretentious scorn
To nurse the children never to be born,
To skim the pot and fan the household fires,
And rock the sons of hypothetic sires;
Taught to believe marriage is woman's heaven,
Though only one can get there out of seven;
Counselled by Paul to cover up her hair,
And, in the conference, not to lead in prayer;
Assured by Fulton that she has no right
To speak in public, since she "cannot fight."
What then is left to woman but to be
All that the *Tribune* urged in fifty-three?

What better counsel stands, for her deliverance,
Than Horace Greeley's words to Mrs. Severance?

Ceding her right to choose her own vocation,

Select her rulers and control the nation,—

Vote if she will, or marry, if she can,

And make herself the free compeer of man.

For women are not on one pattern made;

Some like the sun, and some affect the shade;

Some women like to make the audience cheer;

Some are content to "chronicle small beer;"

Some like to show their wisdom and their wit,

While "other some" prefer to turn the pit.

Are they all *whole*—

Whose body *do* know he is a married man?

Must all succeed?

Must every woman with such strange earnestness in

Too long be crimson by turns.

Flory caught her breath, and

the newspaper with my own

Liz, quaintly, "I saw in the

other day that 'Squire Bill

seventy-five thousand dol-

beard the same 'Squire Avery

But take the biggest lie that ever was

Incidents in the Life of James Fisk, Jr.

Now, your imperial highness, what do you think were the words engraved upon it? I think when you hear them you will take some interest in the ring.

'Ah! and pray what were they?'

'The words engraved upon the inside were, "Empress of Russia." This ring had undoubtedly been presented by an Empress of Russia to the relative of Mrs. Wildermatt, for I was told that both this lady and her mother had formerly belonged to the household of Czarina, your august grandmother.'

'This is really remarkable,' said the grand duke, thoughtfully. 'I am quite superstitious, and I am really inclined to regard this ring, if I should be happy enough to receive it from you as a pledge of your love, as an omen of very suspicious significance.'

'In answer to this second and even more direct appeal to her heart, the princess took a small piece of bread, played carelessly with it, and managed to press the ring deep in to the soft crumbs. Then she dropped it playfully on the table quite close to the plate of her neighbor. And after this adroit exhibition of her skill as an actress she continued to eat as unconcernedly as if she had performed the most insignificant action of her life.'

With the same apparent coolness and indifference the grand duke picked up the bread inclosing the ring, took the latter out of its ingenious envelope, and concealed it in his breast, for it was too small to fit any of his fingers. It was this ring—both the pledge of Charlotte's love and the omen of his own elevation to the imperial dignity—which Nicholas wore on a golden chain around his neck to the very last day of his life, and which, if we are not much mistaken, has even descended with him to the vault of his ancestors.

Three years after, in 1817, Princess Charlotte, then nineteen years of age, and in the full splendor of beauty and happiness, made her entry into St. Petersburg by the side of her husband, whose Olympian brow had never been more serene than at this happy moment of his life. As he looked down upon the vast multitude who had flocked together from all parts of the great empire to greet the young

prince with shouts and rejoicing, and then again upon his fair young bride, perhaps the inscription of the ring recurred to his mind; for, bending his head quite close to the ear of Charlotte, he whispered, 'Now empress of the hearts; and some day perhaps empress of the realm.'

At this moment the procession reached the main entrance of the Winter Palace, where Alexander the First, the Emperor, surrounded by a brilliant suite of generals and courtiers, came to meet his beautiful sister-in-law, and conduct her into the sumptuous drawing-rooms of the magnificent palace of the czars. Who would believe that eight years afterward the brilliant young emperor had breathed his last and that Nicholas and Charlotte would succeed him on the throne of Russia? Truly the inscription on the engagement ring had proven prophetic.

There is never a man so bad, says a celebrated writer, but some woman loves him and has faith in him.

There is a delightful rumor that the adhesive matter on postage stamps is hereafter to be flavored with vanilla for ones, wintergreen for twos, chocolate for threes, etc.

A bad sign—To sign another man's name to a note.

How to "turn people's heads."—Go late to church.

The women of Damascus, Illinois, take part in the discussions of the Farmers' Club meeting. A recent conundrum was, "Shall we dress for comfort or for show?" It was of course decided to dress for comfort, and then they all went away, and at the next meeting each appeared with a "three decker" head dress and a "Dolly Varden" suit.

An unlucky person on being asked what he cleared on a certain speculation, answered, "Nothing but my pockets."

In the strange eventful history of the extraordinary man, who on Sunday morning, Jan. 7, bade farewell to life, its pomp and vanities, there were many remarkable chapters. It would be strange indeed were it not so, for no man can rise in a few years from comparative insignificance to great wealth and wide celebrity, without the performance of acts bearing the stamp of genius.

The story of the elder Rothschild's journey from Brussels to London, after he had been assured of the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, and of his immense and successful speculations there, is well known. But James Fisk, Jr., conceived and executed an equally brilliant stroke at the close of our war of the Rebellion, the particulars of which, we think, were never yet published. With that sagacity which distinguished him in his career, Fisk saw that when, on the 2d of April, 1865, General Lee was driven from Petersburg, his surrender could not be far distant.

He immediately went to Boston, consulted with some of his financial friends and made them partners in the scheme. This was to get the news of the surrender of Lee and collapse of the Confederacy for use on 'Change in London, in advance of the mail. It will be remembered that the Atlantic cable was not then laid. A small, swift steamer, formerly a blockade runner, was purchased, fitted out and sent to Halifax in ballast. Neither the captain nor officers of the steamer knew her destination. The secret of her mission was solely confided to an agent of Fisk, who was the only passenger on board. Steam was kept up day and night, and everything was in readiness for a start across the Atlantic. Days went by, and still the steamer lay quietly in the harbor of Halifax, awaiting the expected message from Fisk. At length it came. If James Fisk, Jr., had tried his best, he could not have indited a shorter dispatch. It was dated at Boston, signed Fisk, and contained the single word—"Go!" The blockade runner started for Queenstown immediately, and got there two days ahead of the mail steamer. The agent speeded across Ireland to London and commenced his operations. Before twenty-four hours elapsed he sold "short" (that is, sold what he had not got) \$5,000,000 in confederate bonds. He had orders from Fisk to sell as long as he could get buyers, but was restrained by a partner of one of the Boston men, who was cursed with prudence. But the operation was pretty successful; the "syndicate" divided between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000, the proceeds of the "speculation." This was a lift for James Fisk, Jr., which was very welcome.

Another incident in his career illustrates his fertility of resource when closely cornered by a powerful opponent. Vanderbilt had grown jealous of Fisk and determined to crush him. The readiest way to do that he thought would be by destroying the business of the Erie railroad. With this end in view he issued an order to lower the freight from Chicago and asked Erie to do likewise. Fisk assented, and cattle were consequently brought from the West in great numbers and at small cost. By special agreement the rates on Vanderbilt's line and on Fisk's were made uniform. After a few weeks, however, Vanderbilt showed his hand. Giving the Erie officers short notice, he broke faith with Fisk and announced that for twenty days the freight on the Central road for cattle from Chicago would be \$1.50 per head instead of \$4. He expected to crush Erie by this move, but he reckoned without Fisk. The latter made no alteration in the rate on the Erie road, but quietly directed his agent in the West to purchase 40,000 head of cattle and send them by Vanderbilt's route. The cattle were soon purchased, and Fisk had the pleasure of seeing Vanderbilt carrying freight for him for less than the cost of running the trains. Of course the Commodore soon grew tired of fighting against such odds, and the rates were again raised to those of the Erie. Fisk cleared \$100,000 by this transaction, direct from the Central.

PAYAB

Selections.

SOCIAL HONOR.—Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct to the true lady and gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is the guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house, unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a grief and a shame to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken and harsh recriminations. In any of these cases the guest is in duty bound to be blind and deaf, as far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted into its privacy, sharing its life, all that you see and hear is a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books and for get to return them.

A United Brethren presiding elder, out in Minnesota, preaching to a strange congregation, was much annoyed by some of the young folks talking and laughing during the service. He paused, looked at the disturbers, and said: "I am always afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church. In the early part of my ministry I made a great mistake. As I was preaching, a young man, who sat just before me was constantly laughing, talking and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service one of the official members came and said to me, 'Brother — you made a great mistake. That young man whom you rebuked is an idiot.' Since then I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave in church least I should repeat that mistake, and reprove another idiot." During the rest of that service, at least, there was good order.

A LIBERAL CHRISTIAN.—A good joke is told of a grocer. One of the ministers of the place was having a donation party the other evening, when Mr. —, ambitious to appear liberal, marked a four dollar castor up to twelve dollars, and took it in as his donation, getting much credit for his liberality.

The next day the minister called at the store with his twelve dollar castor, stating that as they could not afford so expensive an article, he would be pleased to exchange it for its marked value in other needed goods, and the minister was soon wending his way homeward, loaded down with a dozen dollars' worth of selected groceries.

A Boston minister says he once preached on "The Recognition of Friends in the Future," and was told after service that it would be more to the point to preach about the recognition of friends here, as he had been in the church twenty years and didn't know any of its members.

A lady who refused to give, after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On the discovery she said: "The parson could not find his way to my pocket but the devil did."

A little Danbury girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost bitten, it was so cold last night." The mother retreated.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It will scarcely be denied that men are superior to women, as men; and that women are immeasurably superior to men, as women; while both of them together are more than a match for either of them separately."

Riding the Goat.

When I wanted to join the Odd Fellows, Polly Ann was awful mad, and for once I didn't blame her, because the moral effect on her was perceptible. This is how it was: It was on Friday night, and I was going to join the lodge. Polly Ann had opposed it all along, but I felt that she couldn't follow me there. About sundown Deacon Mount came along. I was standing in the door-yard, for it was warm Indian summer weather.

"Goin' to ride the goat to-night?" says he.

"I think I will," says I.

"He's a tough one," says he.

"I ain't afraid," says I.

"Keep calm," says he.

"I can do it," says I.

"I'll be there," says he.

"All right," says I, and with a few more words the Deacon passed on up the street, and I was waiting with my Sunday suit on for the time to arrive when I shord go up to the lodge room. While I was standing there leaning up against the fence and admiring the sunset, Polly Ann, with a stern look on her face, went out the gate. I thought, maybe, she was going up to the store for something. I didn't care much where she went, for she had been dinging at me all day about goats, secrets, and evil-doers who worked in the dark. Of course I knew what she meant; but says I to myself (I wouldn't have dared to say it to her) "Polly Ann, I have got the best of you for once. Women ain't allowed in Sodom Lodge." I stood there for half an hour laughing to myself, and then I went up to the hall where they held the meetings. I went into the ante room and sat down. Deacon Mount and Mace Allen came up to me and told me to keep cool and hang on if the goat kicked. Over head and near the side of the ante-room was a sort of a scuttle hole, and a ladder stood on the floor that led up to it. This hole led into the attic over the lodge room. Well, while I was sitting there waiting for the ceremony to commence, I thought I heard a noise over head. It startled me, and somehow my mind went right straight to Polly Ann. I thought of what she had told me. Says she, "If there is a goat there, mark my words, Seth Tompkins, I'll see it, you can't fool me. I propose to keep watch over my husband; but you ain't my husband—you are a fool. No respectable man would go again' the will of his wife. You just mark my words, I'll know what you do! I'll know if there is a goat—I'll see it if there is!"

REMOVED.—The house of Mr. William C. Folger, 3d, has been purchased by Mr. Charles H. Dunham, and is being taken down and put up at Siasconset by Mr. James H. Gibbs.

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Dogfish have come.

I would have bet a dollar that Polly Ann was up there, and I shook for a minute as though I had the Michigan ague. "But, pshaw!" says I to myself, "Polly Ann can't be up there. More likely it's rats." I felt somewhat relieved, but still I was uneasy. By and by Deacon Mount came up again and he noticed I looked pale and shook, and he cautioned me to keep cool and I tried to; but shake as I would and did, I couldn't shake off the impression that Polly Ann was up in that attic.

The members of the order had all come, I guess, and had gone into the lodge room and were standing around a kind of center table in the middle of the room, talking and laughing, waiting, I suppose, for the head man to call them to order. The door was open, and I could see them standing there as plain as could be. I imagined that Polly Ann was crawling along the joist and lath to the little vent hole in the ceiling over the place where the men were talking. One of the men says, "He'll think (meaning me, I suppose) we've got a goat in here for sure if we have good luck." Well, I looked up to that vent hole expecting to see Polly Ann peering down to see where the goat was, and I did see her, for just at that moment there was a terrible crash, and the plaster and lath fell all over the men. They jumped out of the way, and looked up to see what the matter was, and there hung Polly Ann by the arms, where she had been caught by the laths. Well, if Polly Ann didn't see the goat the members of Sodom Lodge did. She howled, and yelled murder, and everything else. If ever there was a mortified man I was one. The brethren laughed and shouted till they were hoarse. Polly Ann still hung there between the ceiling and the carpet yelling all the time. Finally Deacon Mount and Mace Allen went up and pulled her out. They got her down the ladder and took her inside the lodge room and made her swear some kind of an oath, but I never knew what it was. I felt as though cremation would be cold compared to what I would get when I got home. No fair-minded man will blame me for being weak-kneed then. There was no use of trying. I couldn't get the best of Polly Ann, and I wilted right then and there. When I came to, Polly Ann was standing over me.

"Seth Tompkins," says she.

"Yes, mam," says I.

"Come home with me!" says she.

"Yes, mam!" says I.

Ice Cream! Ice Cream!

MRS. L. A. HOOPER'S Saloon, on Centre Street, having been re-fitted, will open for the season this evening. Her old friends and patrons may rest assured that no pains will be spared in supplying them with a superior quality of Ice Creams. Parties furnished at short notice, and at reasonable rates.
May 18—3t.

Ice Cream.

MRS. ANDREW WINSLOW will re-open her Ice Cream Saloon, this Saturday evening, May 18th, at the house on Orange Street, next door north of Reuben G. Folger's Furniture Ware Rooms, where can be found Ice Cream, &c. She will be ready to furnish Cream to parties, on giving due notice at the saloon.

"You brutes!" said she, turning to the members of the lodge, who were standing near, "I'll punish him for this," pointing to me. "I'll let you know that you must respect a woman when she is in distress and not laugh at her. You are no gentlemen! March!" and I went down stairs with Polly Ann. Well, after this the people of Sodom seemed to have a little more sympathy with me, but Lord! didn't I catch it from Polly Ann! I thought then that marriage was a failure, but I didn't dare to say so. I consoled myself in the thought, "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth. When I joined the Odd Fellows, many years after, it was with fear and trembling.—E. A. Hayes in National Odd Fellow.

OUT.

's Total.

BUTTON-HOLE ON BOTH SIDES.—A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant. This servant, who was a native of Africa, could never be taught to hand things to the left of the guests at table. At length his master thought of a plan, which he imagined would be infallible; and, as the coats were then worn in Charleston single breasted, in the Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he received this ingenious lesson, there was among the guests at dinner a foreign gentleman, with a double-breasted coat, and he was for a while completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally, quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming, in a loud voice, "Buttons on both sides, massa," handed the plate over the gentleman's head.

THE FROZEN MARCH.—We are indebted to Capt. Charles H. Coleman for the following tabular statement of the mean temperature of the month of March, through a period of seventeen years, from 1856 to 1872, inclusive:

1856—31.50	1865—37.10
1857—34.26	1866—37.23
1858—33.98	1867—36.43
1859—39.16	1868—37.20
1860—39.36	1869—34.73
1861—35.73	1870—34.02
1862—36.06	1871—42.43
1863—34.13	1872—27.72
1864—39.11	

It appears from this table that the month just past has been colder by $3^{\circ}.78$ than the corresponding month of 1856, which is nearest to it in temperature; that it has been $14^{\circ}.71$ colder than the March of last year; and $8^{\circ}.17$ colder than the average of the whole series. It is also the only year since 1856, in which the average of the month has fallen below the freezing point, 32° .

THE OCEAN HOUSE.—It will interest the travelling public to learn that Geo. W. Macy, Esq., of Macy's Express, has taken the Ocean House for the season, and will open it about the first of June as a first-class hotel. The Ocean House is too well known under its former proprietor, Mr. E. W. Allen, to need any description of its accommodations. Our friend Wendell thinks he, too, can "keep a hotel," and we have no doubt the guests will find everything as it should be, and the established reputation of the house fully sustained.

DISASTER.—Bark "Willy and Emmy" Capt. Andrews, from Wilmington, N. C., bound to Queenstown, Eng., struck on Great Rip Thursday night. The mate with a boat's crew landed at Siasconset yesterday morning, and came to town with Capt. George W. Coffin, wreck master. Steamer Island Home left at 7 o'clock yesterday, and after making an ineffectual attempt to haul her off, signalled for a lighter. Sloop Tawtaw left at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, to go to her assistance.

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Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

MARRIED.

In West Boylston, Nov. 1st, 1871, Mr. Tertullus Ray, of West Boylston, to Mrs. Mary C. Pitman, formerly of this town.

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, very suddenly, Capt. Samuel C. Wyer, aged 60 years and 5 months. In Moberly, Randolph Co., North Missouri, March 29th, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Mary, wife of Capt. Alexander Bunker, formerly of this town, aged 68 years and 4 months.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A RETIRED SHIPMASTER.—Capt. Samuel C. Wyer, a well-known and respected shipmaster, died very suddenly on Sunday evening last. He left the room where he had been sitting with his family, apparently in ordinary health, passing out into another apartment, where he was soon after found sitting, quite dead. His death would seem, from appearances, to have been instantaneous and without even a struggle; and was undoubtedly occasioned by apoplexy. Capt. Wyer was about sixty years of age, having retired about sixteen years since from a successful career in the whaling business.

The funeral on Tuesday afternoon was very numerously attended, and the ensign over the Pacific Room was lowered to half-mast for the day, in respect to his memory.

REPUBLICANISM IN 1815.—A venerable friend and subscriber has handed us a list of the toasts given at the Peace Dinner, held "in the Hall over Tristram Hussey's store," 1815, by the Republicans of that day. We think they will not be void of interest to our readers generally, and may serve to awaken stirring recollections in the minds of the older portion of them.

1st.—"The United States of America." 2d.—(standing—three cheers).—"James Madison, President of the United States."

3d.—(silent).—"The memory of Elbridge Gerry, late Vice-President of the United States."

4th.—(standing—three cheers).—"The Heads of the Departments."

5th.—(standing—three cheers).—"The Congress of the United States."

6th.—(standing—three cheers).—"Our Commissioners at Ghent—They have of truth sent us the olive branch of Peace."

7th.—(standing—three cheers).—"The Army and Navy of the United States."

8th.—(standing—three cheers).—"May the enemies of the United States ever be Jacksoned."

9th.—(cheers).—"The heroes of Tripoli—A detachment of the enemy's ships to capture an American frigate."

10th.—(cheers).—"The Leviathan of the Ocean, —May our sea-faring brethren soon hear the cheering sound of *Tow Now!*"

[This phrase we presume to be some Indian equivalent for "There she blows!"]

11th.—(cheers).—"May the return of Peace be the death-blow to the political discord of this people."

12th.—(standing—cheers).—"The memorable Eighth of January—Preparatory measures adopted by General Jackson for the reception of the preliminaries of Peace."

13th.—(To be given by Capt. James Russell—cheers—standing—selectmen seated).—"The Fathers of the Town—may they return from their ordeal with increased honors."

14th.—(standing—cheers).—"Governor Strong—God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by Dexterous Measures."

15th.—(sitting—silent).—"The Legislature of Massachusetts—not becoming a religious and moral people."

16th.—(sitting—silent).—"The Hartford Convention—destitute of every principle of Patriotism."

17th.—(standing—cheers).—"Federal gentlemen whose views are too much enlarged to withhold trifling favors on the present occasion."

[This, our venerable friend informs us, alludes to their having found it necessary to borrow from their political opponents, some flags for decorating the Hall.]

18th.—(standing—cheers).—"The American fair—may they cherish and support those only who cherish and support their country."

FRESH FISH.—Our neighbor Cash has had his market well supplied the past week with halibut, cod and lobsters. His fish market is getting to be one of our institutions; as he is always there, on hand, ready and willing to wait on his customers.

CONVENTIONAL FALSEHOOD.

It is astonishing the great number of lies one is compelled to utter, in order to retain his or her place, in so-called good society. A really truthful person, incapable of falsehood or deception, could not hold a position for a single day among respectable people.

For all the proprieties of society, as they are now understood, would be shocked and startled at the sound of the outspoken truth. If any one should be impelled to give up lying, and use only those words, acts, and expressions of feeling which would denote just what was passing in the mind,—or write only those words and phrases which would indicate the actual relations of writer and receiver,—he or she would be considered quite beyond the pale of civilization, and speedily thrust out from all intercourse with refined society.

"Oh, well," answers the fashionable reader, all these expressions of admiration, of endearment, and of proffered service, which pass current as the universal tender, are merely conventional expressions. And even if we put the words to paper, and address persons who are quite indifferent to us—or even persons whom we detest or despise,—as "Dear Sir," "Your humble servant," or "Yours truly and sincerely," we do not mean what is said or written. It is only a kind of formula."

Exactly so; and this only confirms the first statement of the social necessity of the lie. We are actually compelled to make free use of falsehood in all the most ordinary transactions of life, or else forfeit our claim to a place in polite society. The sin of lying seems to be forced upon us in such a way, that we cannot be honest, if we would.

Yet falsehood is a most fatal vice, as even those well know, who must acknowledge that they make use of it or practice it, every hour in the day. It is one of the vices which is especially apt to take an all where an inch is given, and to assert its right of way everywhere, as soon as a small opening is made for its entrance. There is no doubt that where the conventional or "white" lie is most in vogue, there good honest truth-telling is least common. It is scarcely creditable, the unblushing effrontery shown by a fashionable lady in telling the most bare-faced lie. She will praise and defame the same person, literally in the same breath; welcome most loudly in direct speech, while she abuses most roundly in the "aside," doing it almost without a change in the uniform expression of her countenance; and, in very truth, may be said to spend half her time in uneasing what she says during the other half.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

DIED.

In New Bedford, 2d inst., Mr. Frederick F. Bunker, formerly of this town, aged 74 years.

In Danville, Contra Costa County, Cal., March 22d, Sarah Frances, wife of Capt. William Ellery, and only daughter of Capt. Henry and Sarah Fitzgerald, formerly of this town, aged 36 years, 3 months and 18 days. [New Bedford papers please copy.]

A DANGEROUS RIP.—We are informed by Capt. Thomas Brown, who was on board sloop Tawtomeo at the wreck of bark Willy and Emmy, last week, that Great Rip was bare to the extent of one or two acres, and part of it was at least four feet above the sea level. This was something new to Capt. Brown, and shows that the rip is rapidly increasing in extent, and is a most dangerous place to vessels passing the east end of the island.

Auction Sales.

BY T. W. RIDDELL.

Valuable Store at Auction.

ON Wednesday, May 22d, at 10 o'clock, in front of Sales Room, the valuable store situated on Main, Union and Washington Streets, formerly occupied by George W. Macy, with all the inventory now in the fish market; a rare chance for a bargain.

Yet we question whether our own sex have the right to find fault with this, when we consider the falsehoods and equivocations to which men resort for pecuniary profit. "It is all in the way of business," we hear it urged, "and we must fight the world with its own weapons. One who always sticks to the exact truth could never get ahead in the race." And we cannot plead that the falsehood is something which slips from us on the spur of the moment; for how many falsehoods are carefully elaborated and sent forth by proclamation to the public in the garb of print. And the man who has made a colossal fortune by lying advertisements is looked upon as "smart" and "enterprising," as being entitled to praise rather than censure, and as an example for the young to copy.

Moralists have found it imperative upon them to find excuses for the conventional lie. It is Dr. Johnson, we believe, who holds that we have a right to lie in answer to a prying or meddlesome question, to avoid the rudeness of telling the inquirer, it is none of his business. And Dr. Paley justifies a lady who is at home, in saying that she is *not* at home, by the equivocal excuse of adding the words "to see company" like supplying an ellipsis. But this does not help the falsehood at all, for if she means no deception, why not state the whole truth? If the person denied is always to supply this ellipsis, it only follows that the conventional falsehood is so common, that it is a mere matter of routine, and no one is deceived by it. The end may be defeated, but the intent remains the same.

We are not so Utopian as to suppose that this conventional untruthfulness, will ever have an end. Self-interest, with all the requirements of polite society, seem to be bandied against any such result; and we can only accept the situation, while conscious at the same time that, making due allowance for all circumstances, there is still a deal more falsehood in the world than there is any necessity for.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—MEN!—The New York Star thinks the great want of the age is men.

Men who will not lie.

Men who mind their own business.

Men who know their places and fill them.

Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor.

Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.

Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch; men who have courage without shouting it.

Boswell once asked Johnson if there were no possible circumstances under which suicide would be justifiable. "No," was the reply. "Well," says Boswell, "suppose a man has been guilty of fraud, that he was certain would be found out?" "Why, then," says Johnson, "in that case let him go to some country where he is not known, and not to the devil, where he is known."

It is related that during the last sickness of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, the doctor said to him one day: "Mr. Stevens, I think your appearance is better to-day." "It is not my appearance that troubles me," was the reply, "but my disappearance."

A Maryland widow, living on the Eastern shore, so worked upon the feelings of a young man, threatening to marry him, that he turned over all his property to her and enlisted in the navy as a common sailor, where he thought he'd be safe.

BOARDING AND LIVERY STABLE.

 THE subscribers would inform the public that they have opened a Livery and Boarding Stable at the head of the Steamboat Wharf, where they intend keeping a number of good horses, carriages and harnesses, selected with especial reference to the wants of the public.

Individuals and parties furnished with horses and carriages at short notice, and taken to any part of the town.

BENJAMIN F. WYER, 2d,

WILLIAM H. H. SMITH.

Selections.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.—It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one of the most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy book, written by me when a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joinings of the letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could, at that moment, have burned the book in the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.

BOUND TO BE IN FASHION.—Up in Berkshire County there is a young man who went into town about a year ago and bought half a dozen fine pleated shirts, which opened at the back. He took them because the storekeeper assured him that they were in the very latest style; and he wore them eleven months buttoned up in front with the bosom between the shoulders, until somebody happened to see him in his shirt sleeves, and explained the situation, as it were, to him. He said he thought it was awful queer that they laid out so much elaborate work on the back, but he was bound to be in the fashion at any sacrifice.

A FAMOUS EXPLOIT.—Captain William L. Howorth, late master in the United States Navy, and now with Collector Phelps of the customs department at San Francisco, has, in conjunction with Commodore W. B. Cushing and Paymaster Swan, United States Navy, successfully placed their claims before Congress for the blowing up of the rebel iron clad ram Albemarle, on the night of the 27th of October, 1864. The event will be remembered as one of the most, if not the most daring enterprise of the whole war, and was thus designated by our brave old Farragut. The expedition was composed of a dozen in all, officers and men, who in an open boat, with a twelve-pound howitzer and a torpedo, sent to the bottom one of the most formidable ironclads that the rebels ever had afloat, and which was the terror of the fleet in Albemarle Sound. This event was one of the most important of the whole war; it gave us entire possession of the sounds of North Carolina; it relieved our armies in that quarter, and released twenty vessels to assist in the capture of Fort Fisher. Captain Howorth and Paymaster Swan, with others, were taken prisoners, and for a long time suffered the hardships of Salisbury pen and Libby prison. It is expected that each will receive, when the claim is adjusted, in the neighborhood of \$40,000—Captain Cushing much more. Mr. Howorth was second in command of the expedition. He received three promotions for his gallantry, and was one of the fortunate few who were promoted to the regular service.

NOTICE.

Auction Sale of Wrecked Materials at Nantucket.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Friday next, 19th inst., in front of my store at head of Straight Wharf, Nantucket, at 9 o'clock, A. M., for the benefit of whom it may concern, the wrecked materials recently saved from the German Bark Willy and Emmy, stranded upon Great Rip. They consist of the following articles:

Nearly three entire suits of sails, among which, two topsails, 1 mainsail, 1 jib, 1 spanker, and 1 main stay sail have been used only 2 weeks; two other topsails are nearly new, and in fact all the sails are in prime order, having been taken carefully from the yards, and have suffered no injury. One new six inch hawser, 90 fathoms, made in Bordeaux of the best materials; other hawsers, hauling lines, and a variety of running rigging.

Anchors as follows: One 1200 lbs., one 700 do., one 400 do., and one kedge anchor; 75 fathoms 1 1/8-inch chain cable, in good order, two boats, ship's compasses, signal lanterns, cooking utensils, sounding lead and lines, gratings, a variety of iron and copper ware, blocks, straps, &c., topsail-sheet chains, 1 dozen shovels, 2 bbls. beef, 9 do. Navy bread, 1 bbl. flour, 1 do. pork, half bbl. dried apples, 1 keg butter, and other articles too numerous to mention.

The attention of Ship Chandlers and Junk Dealers is especially called to this advertisement, as there will be a good chance for a bargain. The lot will be divided into parcels, to suit the requirements of the different dealers.

JOSEPH B. MACY, Wreck Commissioner.
Nantucket, April 13th, 1872.

ORGANIZING FOR RETRENCHMENT.—We observe that a guild of ladies is now being formed in England under the leadership of a Miss Garrison, of Swange, Dorsetshire, to promote modesty of dress, to do away with extravagance, and substitute the neatness and sobriety suitable to Christian women.

Why cannot our American ladies organize a similar undertaking? If such reform movements are pushed forward in aristocratic England, they certainly ought to succeed in democratic America! We hear that there is a revival in a neighboring city, of the calico parties which were quite popular a few years ago.

It is within the power of a few ladies in every place to put a stop to the fashionable follies and dissipations which are banishing the color from many women's cheeks, and the money from their husbands' and fathers' pocket-books. There is everything in the power of organization.

Let two, three, or more prominent ladies in a village combine to pursue such or such a course, as regards dress, keeping good hours at evening parties, supplying plain refreshments, &c., and the remainder will generally follow suit. It is because this is the case, that every woman of any influence is, to a certain extent, responsible for whatever may be the prevailing custom among her sex.

Paris may continue to set the styles, but it is for our women themselves to say whether or not they will adopt them. English ladies have sneeringly pointed across the Atlantic and asserted that life in the United States was a mere struggle for social existence; that the great question among American women was, how they could get into the next set above them. While there may be some foundation for this, let the latter show their English cousins that they can, and do, distinguish between rightfully and properly advancing in the social scale, and imitating gentility, and making a show with money.—*Exchange.*

A "KLEPTOMANIAC."—It is terrible to think of the agonies of a woman of cultivation and refinement, when suffering under that dread disease, kleptomania. An instance of heart-rending intensity took place the other day in Boston. An elegantly dressed woman was detected in the very act of plagiarizing a pair of silk stockings. She started, turned pale, and burst into tears, suddenly conscious of her guilt, and then in an agonizing manner besought the proprietor to release her, and offered him a twenty dollar note for the stockings. The gentleman kindly reasoned with the afflicted woman, and then taking the price of the stockings, returned her the change from the twenty dollar note. The poor woman then disappeared and was heard of no more, although her bank note was, as it was *counterfeit*!

It is no wonder that Methodists are rather shy of introducing women as preachers into their pulpits. For in 1782, just ninety years ago, John Wesley, the father of Methodism, wrote to his followers at Sheffield in this strain:—"Dear Brethren, Let the persons who propose to subvert the Methodist plan, by mixing men and women together in your chapel, consider the consequence of so doing. First, I will never set foot in it more. Secondly, I will forbid any collection to be made for it in any of our societies."—This was the patriarch's feeling about having women sit on the same seats with the men. What would he have said had he been asked to ordain a woman preacher? In some of the old meeting-houses men and women sat in the galleries together; and this Wesley allowed in those places, while he forbids it in all others. And the same year he writes, "If I come into any new house, and see the men and women together, I will immediately go out." The separate seats have been abolished. Methodism no longer tries to put asunder in the pews those whom God and religion have made one; we hope it will now hasten to abolish the distinction of sex in its pulpit.—*Golden Age.*

A New Haven woman gave the key of her house to an expressman, with orders to move her furniture to another dwelling. He obeyed in everything, save the one particular that he cleared out the wrong house, but fortunately did not get away with the goods before the rightful owner appeared.

For the *Inquirer and Mirror*.

In the Boston *Herald* of the 7th inst., appears a notice from a New York paper claiming Mr. Wm. B. Willis, a member of Manhattan Lodge F. & A. M., who is 79 years of age, as the oldest Mason in the country, he having joined the order 43 years ago. I think Fellowship Lodge of Bridgewater can beat that, as we have one member, Hon. Artemas Hale, who is over 80 years of age, and has been a member of our Lodge 55 years, having joined in 1817 and served as W. M. from 1818 to 1823.

The above paragraph has been going the rounds of the newspapers, and the brethren named therein seem quite *juvenile*, when compared with one of the *veteran* members of Union Lodge of Nantucket, represented in the person of our worthy brother James F. Chase, who was Initiated December 10th, 1807; Passed, January 4th, 1808; and Raised February 1st, 1808; and who is still hale and hearty, and seldom fails to give his presence at all Lodge Meetings, and evinces great interest in the various exercises. It had been the cherished hope of his heart for years, that he might live to participate in the Centennial Celebration of 1871, and many of the visiting brethren who were here upon that occasion, will remember his vigorous step and manly bearing, in view of his great age. He was born in Boston, May 16th, 1784, and consequently is nearly 88 years of age; has been a member of Union Lodge for more than *sixty-four* years; was Secretary from 1816 to 1848, a period of 32 consecutive years. What a record! Manhattan and Fellowship Lodges must have forgotten this little Isle of the Sea, or perhaps were never aware of its existence when they trumpeted forth their claims; but Nantucket holds to her laurels with a tenacious grasp, and when her contemplated History shall be written, the world may judge whether she has justly merited them.

Let us hear from any Brother Mason who can date his initiation anterior to December 10th, 1807, and we will then acknowledge our respective position.

And our New York brethren will feel less pretentious, when they are informed that Union Lodge has to-day upon its list of living members, *seven* names who were made Masons more than 43 years ago. They are as follows, with the year of their initiation:

George F. Bunker,	1819, nearly 53 years.
George Swain,	1820, " 52 "
Nathaniel C. Cary,	1822, " 50 "
Henry Cottle,	1823, " 49 "
Barzillai R. Weeks,	1823, " 49 "
Charles P. Swain,	1825, over 47 "
Frederick W. Folger,	1828, nearly 44 "

Of the above, Bro. Bunker served as W. M. three years; Bro. George Swain two years; Bro. Frederick W. Folger five years; and Bro. Charles P. Swain (the present Secretary,) has performed the duties of this office for the past 23 years.

The opinions of these veteran brethren have always been deferred to, by the younger members of the Fraternity, and when they shall have passed to the "Celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides," may their memory be ever green in the hearts of those who survive them.

We notice that a large and beautiful photograph of Hon. David Joy, presented by his sister, Mrs. Whippley, has been hung up in the Library of the Atheneum. Mr. Joy was one of the original founders of this Institution, and, whether at home or abroad, has ever manifested his interest in its welfare, and shown himself a liberal friend to it. The likeness is pronounced an excellent one, by those who know him best.

Our faithful muezzin is again at his post in the minaret of the Old South Church, where he heralds the approach of the mail packet to all persons interested, (and who is not?) Clark is alive to the interests of his fellow-creatures, as well as to his own; and it is but justice to say that he not only blows, but works.

Steamer Island Home left here at an early hour on Tuesday morning for New Bedford, to undergo repairs and to be put in condition for her summer's work. On Wednesday the mails were received by sloop Tawtomeo, and again on Thursday by schooner Onward.

A BIG EGG.—We have seen a hen's egg, laid by a biddy belonging to Mr. Albert Bartlett, which weighed 4 1/2 ounces.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

FORTY YEARS Ago.—An old copy of the Nantucket *Inquirer*, date Oct. 16, 1830, falls accidentally in our way, which contains the census of the town for that year. The population at that time was 7202. But curiously enough, the number of "old folks" was small compared with that of to day. There were only 210 persons above 70 years of age; while in 1870 there were 392 in a total population of only 4130. There were only 37 persons above 80 years of age in 1830; in 1870, there were 93. Above 90 years of age, 2 in 1830; 6 in 1870. Can any one give a philosophical reason for these facts? We knew, of course, that the relative proportion of aged people must be larger now than then; but were not prepared to learn that it was actually greater on a basis of little more than half the total number. The percentage of the population above three-score-and-ten, was 2.9 in 1830; in 1870, 9.5, being more than three times as great!

The same paper has a long leading article on the "Decline of Nantucket" (!) which then appears to have troubled many people, though it was actually growing in population and wealth, and did not reach its zenith until more than a decade later. The editor, however, labored hard to take a hopeful view of the future situation.

DIED.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, Mr. Theodore Fish, aged 84 years. [Barnstable papers please copy.]

In Cotuit, 20th ult., Mrs. Elizabeth C., widow of the late Dr. James Childs, aged 75 years.

In Flushing, Ohio, 24th ult., Hannah, daughter of Isaac Mitchell, formerly of this town, aged 31 years.

In East Boston, 29th ult., Mrs. Betsey, wife of Sylvester D. Blount, formerly of this town, aged 52 years.

In East Falmouth, on Tuesday last, Harriet, wife of Eleazer H. Fisher, aged 44 years.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL. PORT OF NANTUCKET.

Sunday, Feb 4th.

SAILED—Steamer Verbena, Gibbs, Hyannis.
Monday, Feb. 5th.

ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

Tuesday, Feb. 6th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

Thursday, Feb. 8th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

SHERBURNE DRAMATIC CLUB.—This company gave a second entertainment on Friday evening of last week, repeating the play of the evening before, "Neighbor Jackwood," with the afterpiece of "Petroleum." The audience, as might be expected, was not so large as on the first occasion; but those present at both, unite in saying that the second was by far the best. We are glad to learn that the company propose soon to give other pieces. It is evident they can furnish an excellent entertainment, if they set their wills to work upon it, and determine to rise a little higher each successive time; and there is little fear but that their efforts will be appreciated by full houses. We notice that our Vineyard neighbors have a similar association, who propose giving a series of plays in the Town Hall, Edgartown. Why should not our young people be encouraged in thus cultivating what talent they may possess for the gratification of a host of friends, as well as for the benefit of a worthy cause?

New Prints.

JUST received, a large assortment of Prints, some very handsome Stripes, for Shirts. Also, Ginghams and Bleached Cottons, at

H. M. MACY'S.

Town Meeting Notice.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

NANTUCKET, SS.
To either of the Constables in the Town of Nantucket,
County of Nantucket,

GREETING:

IN the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, you are directed to notify the inhabitants of the Town of Nantucket qualified to vote in Elections and in Town affairs, to meet at the Town Hall in said town, on Monday, the nineteenth day of February, inst., at Nine o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to act on the following articles, viz.:

First.—To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Second.—To choose a Town Clerk for the present year.

Third.—To receive the reports from the departments whose duty it is to report at the annual meeting.

Fourth.—To determine the amount of money to be raised for the use of the Town during the present year.

Fifth.—To decide on the mode of collecting the Taxes for the present year.

Sixth.—To choose a Collector of Taxes for the present year.

Seventh.—To choose such other Town officers as are required to be chosen by law.

Eighth.—To see what action the Town will take relative to Highways.

Ninth.—To see what action the Town will take relative to a Night and Evening Watch.

Tenth.—To determine what amount of money the Town will raise or appropriate for the support of the Public Schools for the present year.

Eleventh.—To establish the compensation of the members of the Fire Department for the present year.

Twelfth.—To determine what action the Town will take respecting Cistern and Fire Apparatus.

Thirteenth.—To see if the Town will instruct the Overseers of the Poor to include the prisoners in the Jail and House of Correction, when they contract with a Physician to attend to the Poor of the Town.

Fourteenth.—To see what order the Town will take respecting the Watch Clock, Town Clock, and ringing the Bell.

Fifteenth.—To see what action the Town will take in regard to lighting the streets.

Sixteenth.—To see if the Town will authorize the Town Treasurer to consolidate its debt.

Seventeenth.—To see what action the Town will take with regard to selling the South Grammar School House, with the land and appurtenances thereto belonging.

And to act on, and transact all matters pertaining to the foregoing.

Hereof fail not, and give public notice by causing this Warrant to be published in the Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror, and posting up notifications in two public places in said Town, and make due returns with your doings thereon to the Town Clerk, at the time and place of said meeting.

Given under our hands at Nantucket, this first day of February, 1872.

REUBEN P. FOLGER,
FREDERICK A. CHASE, { Selectmen
OBED G. COFFIN, } of
BARZILLAI R. BURDETT, Nantucket.
SAMUEL WOODWARD,

Nantucket, Feb. 3, 1872.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

ACCIDENT ON THE CAPE COD RAILROAD.—The snow fell on Saturday and Sunday in Barnstable county, and on Sunday the Cape Cod railroad commenced breaking out their tracks which were buried in heavy drifts. One clearing train of engines and laborers was started from Hyannis for Middleboro', and this came through after a long and tedious trial without accident. At nine o'clock Sunday morning a similar train left Wellfleet to clear the track to Yarmouth. This one consisted of two locomotives with a snow plow attached, and a baggage car for the conveyance of the track clearers from point to point, when their services and shovels were brought into requisition. The train met with obstacles unparalleled in the history of railroads on the Cape, and did not reach Orleans until late in the afternoon. When between that town and Brewster the baggage car was thrown from the track and turned end over end, mixing twenty men up topsy turvy. Strange to say, no one was killed and not a bone broken, but only one man who was in the car escaped injury. All the rest were extricated, and came out of the wreck marked with blood, bruised and scratched. The track was cleared and trains came through to-day as usual.—*Journal of Monday.*

GRASS
AND
CLOVER SEED!
BARLEY,
OATS,
and a full assortment of Vegetable Seeds, freshly imported, and for sale low, at

G. K. LONG'S SEED STORE,
No. 33 Main Street.
mch 30-31

"WHAT I DON'T KNOW ABOUT NANTUCKET."

—H. Greeley, it must be confessed, knows a great deal about a great many things,—and a little about everything. Hear him, in the *Daily Tribune* of Saturday, 23d inst. :

All who have been upon the island of Nantucket, Mass., know that in warm weather it is one of the gems of the sea. Nevertheless, in cold weather, it is not precisely the place in which one would care to edit a newspaper, that is if one took pride in turning out a fresh and lively sheet. They have a journal there called *The Inquirer*, the editor of which says on the 16th inst.: "This is the second week we have gone to press without mails." They are ice-bound there, you see, just like the Arctic navigators who cannot navigate. The editor is thrown upon his own resources. Nantucket is a particularly small town in which nothing ever happens except births, marriages and deaths; and of these everybody is informed without the aid of the newspaper. Cowper's "lodge in some vast wilderness" might have been there, but not his "boundless continuity of shade," for there are only two trees and six shrubs upon the island. We congratulate our brother of the Nantucket newspaper. People have no right to complain of his dullness, when he might reasonably suspend publication altogether; and it is perfectly clear that he can save in scissors and paste what he loses in equanimity.

We beg leave to return Horace's congratulations, and to assure him that we do not lose our equanimity at all, nor do people complain of our dullness. We have been "ice-bound, you see," but our bonds are now being loosened. Horace has been here in the winter, you see, and he knows how it is himself. But he was unkind to twit us about those two trees; for since his visit, somebody has set out another one, so that we have *three*, now.

We did think of contributing fifty cents towards that statue of the Later Franklin, but that joke about the trees has turned the scale, and we have reconsidered the matter. We shall give it in aid of Woman Suffrage, and we know he'll be sorry about the trees.

Selections.

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not at all wholesome, says Dr. Hall, to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile in a minute for short distances; but locomotives have often come to grief by such great rapidity. Multitudes, in their haste to get rich, are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are the men who oftenest succeed in life. People who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post. Footraces are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercises; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even to great tiredness, expressed by "fagged out," always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs, running to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, are extremely injurious to every age and sex and condition of life. It ought to be the most pressing necessity which should induce a person over fifty to run twenty yards. Those live longest who are deliberate, whose actions are measured, who never embark in any enterprise without "sleeping over it," and who perform all the everyday acts of life with calmness. Quakers are proverbially calm, quiet people, and Quakers are a thrifty folk the world over.

THE THINGS THAT MAKE MEN.—It is not the best things—that is, the things which we call best—that make men; it is not the pleasant things; it is not the calm experiences of life; it is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here rudeness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alternations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptations, constitute a part of that education which makes a man a man, in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears the marks of the struggles which he has had to undergo on his brow.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

How Kaiser Wilhelm's Sister was Won.

It will be remembered that the Emperor William the First of Germany, immediately after the preliminaries of peace had been signed at Versailles, sent to St. Petersburg a telegram in which he expressed to the Czar his gratitude for the friendly attitude which Russia had maintained during the progress of the Franco-Prussian war, and in which he frankly admitted that Germany was indebted to this sincere friendship of her powerful Eastern neighbor for the comparatively limited dimensions of the gigantic conflict. Unquestionably the political interest of Russia, and above all, her well known policy in the Eastern question, have mainly contributed to her partiality for Prussia; but not an insignificant share in this partiality must also be attributed to personal considerations—to that near relationship which for upwards of half a century has existed between the dynasties of Russia and Prussia; for Alexander the Second, the present Emperor of Russia, is a son of the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, the sister of the present Emperor of Germany.

The betrothal and marriage of this princess with Nicholas, who was then only a grand duke, but became afterwards Emperor of Russia, forms one of the sweetest and most romantic love episodes in the world of European courts which is usually so devoid of love and romance, and would on that account alone deserve being remembered, quite regardless of the historical interest which will henceforth adhere to all members of the family of the conqueror of France.

Princess Charlotte was born in the year 1798, and was the eldest daughter of King Frederick William the Third of Prussia, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Queen Louisa. Her early childhood elapsed amidst scenes of terror and humiliation for the royal family of Prussia, and nobody ventured to predict for her the brilliant career which Providence kept in store for this child, born and brought up under such fatal auspices. We might, indeed, make an exception in favor of her mother who with that prophetic intuition which seems to have been the distinguishing feature of that high-minded woman, wrote one day to her father the Duke of Mecklenburg, the following lines about her daughter.

'Charlotte is given to silence and reserve, but under her apparent coldness she conceals a warm and loving heart. Her indifference and pride are but the dull outside of a diamond of the purest water, which some day will shine forth in its brilliant lustre. Her bearing and manners are noble and dignified. She has but few friends, but these few are warmly attached to her. I know her value, and predict for her a brilliant future if she lives long enough.'

The young princess was, indeed, a very frail and delicate creature—one of those tender flowers which seem to wait for the kind hand of the gardener to transplant them into a warmer clime. She was charming and handsome; but her beauty was rather that of a pale lily than that of a blooming rose.

Charlotte was just sixteen, when, in the year 1814, the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his way to the camp of the allied armies in France, passed through Berlin, and was warmly welcomed as an honored guest at the royal palace.

The description which those who saw and knew the Grand Duke at that time have given of the incomparable graces of his person and mind make it easy for us to imagine that the heart of a young girl just budding into womanhood was captivated and charmed by him at first sight. Well he might have said, like Caesar, 'I came, I saw, I conquered.' The princess fell in love with him, and fortunately for her, the young grand duke returned her love fully as passionately.

The Grand Duke Nicholas had the reputation of being one of the handsomest, if not the very handsomest man of his times; and his majestic and stately form, which measured not less than six feet and two inches, was considered unequalled in beauty not only in Russia, but in Europe. He was vigorous, strong, full of life and health, with broad shoulders and chest, while his small hands and feet were of the most aristocratic elegance; his whole figure realized the perfect model of manly and commanding beauty which the divine art of a sculptor of antiquity has immortalized under the name of Apollo Belvedere. His features were of the Grecian cast—forehead and nose formed a straight line—and his large blue, sincere eyes showed a singular combination of composure, sternness, self-reliance, and pride, among which it would have been difficult for the observer to name a predominant expression. Those who would have looked closely and attentively into those remarkable eyes would have easily believed that their threatening glances would suffice to suppress a rebellion, to terrify and disarm a murderer, or to frighten away a supplicant; but there would have been but few to believe that the sternness of those eyes could ever be so entirely softened as to beam forth nothing but love and kindness. Among these few was, however, the young Prussian princess, who had drunk deep in their intoxicating fervor. It is true that she was the only person in the world in whose presence the Olympian gravity of his features gave way to a radiant cheerfulness, which made his manly beauty perfectly irresistible. In such moments his magnificent brow, always the seat of meditation and thought, exhibited the serene beauty and Attic grace of a young Athenian—the serious Pericles seemed, by the invisible wand of a magician to have been transformed into the youthful Alcibiades.

Such is the flattering portrait which his contemporaries have drawn of the personal appearance of the Grand Duke Nicholas at the time of his arrival at Berlin.

At that time, however, the matchless personal charms of the grand duke were not enhanced by political prospects of the most exalted character. He was not even eventually considered an heir to the imperial crown of Russia. It is true, Alexander the First, his brother, had no children, but in the case of his death, which could not be expected soon, the Grand Duke Constantine, was to inherit the throne of Peter the Great, and leave to Nicholas at best but the position of a first prince of the blood. Nevertheless, Frederick William, charmed alike by the beauty and intellect of his guest, and by the hope of uniting the sovereign houses of Prussia and Russia by the close ties of a family union, greeted the prospect of a marriage between the grand duke and his daughter with enthusiasm, especially when he discovered that the young folks themselves were very fond of each other.

The king then delicately insinuated to his daughter that if she had taken a liking to the grand duke, and had reason to believe that the prince entertained similar feelings toward her, their marriage would meet with no objection on his part.

But the young princess, although secretly delighting in a hope which so fully responded to the heart, was either too proud or too bashful to confess to her father her love for the grand duke, who had not yet made any declaration to her.

In this manner the day approached on which the grand duke was to leave Berlin. On the eve of his departure a grand gala supper was given in his honor at the royal palace, and, by way of accident or policy, the young princess Charlotte was seated by the side of her distinguished admirer.

The grand duke was uncommonly taciturn during the evening. His high forehead was cloudy, and his gloomy eyes seemed to follow in the space vague phantoms flitting before his imagination. Repeatedly he neglected to reply to questions addressed to him, and when he was asked to respond to a toast which one of the royal princes had proposed in his hon-

or, he seemed to awake from a profound dream which had entirely withdrawn him from his surroundings.

Suddenly, as if by a mighty effort of his will, he turned to his neighbor, and whispered so as only to be understood by her.

'So I shall leave Berlin to-morrow?'

He paused abruptly, and looked at the princess as if he was waiting for an answer which expressed sorrow and grief on her part. But the princess was fully as proud as the grand duke, and, overcoming the violent throbbing of her heart, she said politely to him:

'We are all very sorry to see your imperial highness leave us so soon. Would it not have been possible for you to defer your departure?'

'You will all be very sorry?' muttered the grand duke, not entirely satisfied with the vagueness of sorrow which these words of the princess implied. 'But you in particular,

madam?' he added, after some hesitation.—For it will depend on you alone whether I shall stay or depart.'

'Ah!' replied Charlotte, with her sweetest smile, 'and what have I to do to keep your imperial highness here?'

'You must permit me to address my admiration and homage to you.'

'Is that all?'

'And you must encourage me to please you.'

'That is much more difficult,' said the princess with a deep blush, but at the same time her eyes beamed forth so much affection and delight that the prince could see at a glance that his fondest hopes had been realized beforehand.

'During my short stay at Berlin,' the grand duke continued, in the same tone of voice, 'I have taken pains to study your affections, and this study has satisfied me that you would render me very happy, while on the other hand I have some qualities which would secure your own happiness.'

The princess was overcome by emotion, and in her confusion did not know what to answer. At last she said, 'But here, in the presence of the whole court, at the public table, you put such a question to me!'

'Oh,' replied the prince, 'you need not make any verbal reply. It will be sufficient for you to give me some pledge of your affection. I see there on your hand a small ring whose possession would make me very happy. Give it to me.'

'What do you think of? Here in the presence of a hundred spectators?'

'Ah, it can easily be done without being seen by anybody. Now we are chatting so quietly with each other that there is not one among the guests who suspects in the least what we are speaking about. Press the ring into a morsel of bread and leave it on the table; I will take the talisman, and nobody will notice it.'

'This ring is really a talisman.'

'I expect so. May I hope to hear its history?'

'Why not? My first governess was a Swiss lady by the name of Wildermatt. Once she went to Switzerland in order to enter upon an inheritance which had been bequeathed to her by a distant relative. When she came to Berlin, a few weeks afterward, she showed me quite a collection of pretty and costly jewelry, which formed part of the inheritance. 'This is a curious old ring,' said I to her, as I put this old fashioned little ring on my finger. 'Does it not look cunning? Perhaps it is an old relic or talisman, and may have been worn centuries ago by a pious old lady who received it from her knight, starting for the Holy Land.' I tried to take the ring from my finger again, but I could not get it off; 'I was a little fleshier then than now,' said Charlotte smilingly. 'My governess insisted on my keeping the ring as a souvenir. I accepted her present and the ring has been on my finger ever since. Sometime afterward, when I was contemplating its strange workmanship, I succeeded in pulling it from my finger, and was much surprised at seeing engraved on the inside some words which, though nearly rubbed out by the wear of time, were still legible.'

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Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1872.

MARRIED.

In New Bedford, 29th ult., by Rev. J. D. Butler, Philip H. Cory, of New Bedford, to Miss Mary G. Gibbs, of this town.

DIED.

In this town, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Susan G., widow of Capt. Benjamin Gardner, 3d, aged 84 years and 5 months.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, Miss Eu-

nice Coleman, aged 94 years and 2 months.

In Brooklyn, on Saturday morning, 11th inst., Allen Ball, youngest child of Charles H. and Eva C. Glover, aged 1 year, 2 months and 28 days.

At Needham, 15th inst., Lizzie Castle, eldest daughter of Capt. Alfred F. and Avis W. Gardner, aged 30 years.

At Rye, N. Y., 15th inst., of paralysis, Mr. Josiah Macy, formerly of this town, aged 87 years, 2 months.

Notice.

O. W. PEABODY Encampment, Post No. 2, G. A. R., would cordially and respectfully extend a general invitation to all honorably discharged Soldiers and Sailors who took part in the late rebellion, and have not received a dishonorable discharge from the Order, to join our procession on Memorial Day, the 30th of May. Also to all the members of the Sabbath Schools connected with the different Churches, including Superintendents and Teachers, to meet at Pantheon Hall, promptly, at 12 M., to go with us. Superintendents will please pass in the number of pupils who contemplate going, as early as the 20th of this month. We would respectfully solicit the aid and co-operation of the members of the community, in order to make the occasion as interesting as possible.

W. E. RAY, P. A.

"If You Please."—When the duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. That is ill bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all your home talk remember "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words—"If you please."

"Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear."

There is a cynical lady in Meriden who amuses herself with the polite hypocrisy of society in a curious way. She has an orange plant in her parlor which bears neither bud nor blossom, but she has had two full-blown flowers and a half-opened bud of wax placed upon the barren stalk. Her callers all admire the sweet perfume of the lovely flowers, and the gentlemen have noticed that the bud has expanded considerably since they called before.

A LADY SEA CAPTAIN.—Brig Abbie Clifford, of Stockton, bound from Pernambuco for New York, was spoken on the 6th ult., near the equator, with the yellow fever on board. Capt. Clifford had died of it, and the chief mate was then dying. Mrs. Clifford, the captain's widow, was also sick, but recovering, and had assumed charge of the vessel, she being the only one on board understanding navigation. The brig was spoken again April 21, in latitude 22 degrees north, and longitude 50, still in charge of Mrs. Clifford, and was making fair progress. As the weather is quite mild, her arrival at her destination may be daily expected.

Latest advices by mail state that the Abbie Clifford has arrived in New York.

A lady sent to her Irish servant for a new velvet mantilla which was at her dressmaker's. "John," she said, "if it rains, take a cab. I would rather pay the cab hire than have my mantilla wet." When the man handed her the mantilla it was ruined, the paper which covered it being saturated with water. "Why, John," she said, "I told you to take a cab if it rained." "So I did, mum; but sure you wouldn't have your footman ridin' inside? I got on the box with the driver."

During a recent trial at Rockport, Ind., Judge Laird interrupted the testimony of a lady witness, remarking that it was not relevant. The lady raised her head, and with a look made up of injured innocence, inquired: "Well, sir, am I telling this story, or are you?" The judge wailed, and allowed her to talk as long as she wanted to.

A Yankee in England, being annoyed by the constant boasting as to the superiority of English girls, finally silenced laudation by declaring that they had a gall in Boston only 11 years old, who could chew gum in seven different languages, with her eyes shut.

A lady teacher in an Iowa high school made a boy stand up and show how he kissed the big girls in the wood shed, in hopes that he would shed tears and promise to do no more. All the boys are leaving the other schools, and going to this lady teacher.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law, is like sheep running for shelter in a bramble-bush.

Poetry.

AN IDYL OF THE SEA.

BY ANNA C. STARBUCK.

Far out at sea, an island lone,
Whose shores the tumbling breakers bound,
Nantucket isle, with placid brow,
Smiles o'er the waters of the sound.
Peaceful the airs above her head;
Peaceful the wavelets at her feet;

While myriad shells, with pearly lips,

This tale of answered prayer repeat.

'Twas near a hundred years ago—
The time, the date, is past recall—
When through the town a deadly fear
Crept to the heart of one and all;
For just without the harbor bar,
Where moaned the tide with stifled breath,
There lay at forced anchorage
A British frigate armed with death.

In vain the people planned defence,
No bulwarks walled the Quaker town,
No battlements, no ancient keep,
No strength to beat invaders down.
They saw the captain's stern command
To "man the boats," and well they knew
No mercy for their hearths and homes,
Would harbor with the hostile crew.

But stay! A passing gleam of hope!
The wind was blowing from the shore;
All safe until its breath should change;
No landing for the boats, before
Then from each sad and anxious heart,
From hoary sire, and maiden fair,
There rose, unchecked by form of words,
An earnest burst of sobbing prayer.

A prayer to Him who rules the winds,
And holds the waters in His hand,
To save them in their island home,
And keep the wind from off the land.
And then from Heaven the answer came,
The gale, unchanging, day by day,
Swept on to sea defiantly,
And held the dreaded foe at bay.

For weeks the scowling monster lay
Without the port with evil eye;
But never once a change of wind;
And never once a change of sky.
Grown tired at length of power denied,
And hopeless watching of the prey,
With muttered curse it raised the siege,
And from the harbor sailed away.

And ever since, the laving tides
Have swept the coast with laughing song;
And ever since, the fruitful years
With joy and peace have rolled along.
And He who gave the wind its course,
Who saved this lone, unguarded strand,
Still watches o'er the sunny isle,
And holds it in His loving hand.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A young woman, who was thinking of getting married, went to her minister to ask his advice about so important a step. She told him she had an offer of marriage, and wanted his advice. Her minister said he did not know very well what to say to her; but he should remind her of what the Apostle Paul had said upon that subject, "They that marry do well; but they that marry not do better." "Well, well," she said, "I'll awa hame and do weel, let them dae better than like."

Extensive robberies of checks, drafts, &c., at the Boston Post Office, by means of false keys to open the lock boxes, have just come to light.

The nuptials of the Old Colony and Newport and the Cape Cod Railroads were celebrated Tuesday evening by pleasing ceremonies at Hyannis, and a handsome testimonial—a service of silver plate, consisting of seven pieces, including a heavy salver—was presented to Superintendent Winslow of the Cape Cod road.

Oct 12. 1872

THE SPANISH "CARLISTS."

The troubles in Spain are again revived, and though the history of the seven years' struggle from 1833 to 1840 is familiar to many of us as being within our own remembrance, yet the younger generation daily ask, Who are the "Carlists?"

It is not easy for us Americans to understand fully, or sympathize with, that sort of hereditary man-worship, if we may so term it, of which the old European kingdoms furnish so many examples; the feeling handed down from father to son, from son to grandson, like a religious faith, which impels the Scotchman or the English Jacobite to swear by the name of Stuart, the Frenchman by that of Bonaparte, and makes thousands of brave men ready, at a word, to lay down life itself in the interest of any rash youth bearing the idolized family name.

The Carlist insurrection exemplifies this feeling, though there are also broader questions at issue, between conservatism and progress, between constitutional and despotic forms of government; and there is even a close relation to the subject of woman's rights, as may be seen by going back to the origin of the feud.

Ferdinand VII, King of Spain, took a young wife in 1829, he being previously a widower and childless. Under the Salic law, then in force, no woman could succeed to the sovereignty, and the King's younger brother, Carlos, was next in succession, in the event of no son being born. But the ambitious young Queen, Christina, prevailed upon her husband to issue a royal decree annulling the Salic law. Two daughters were the fruit of the marriage; the elder of whom, Maria Isabella, afterwards became Queen, as Isabella II. The King being, in 1832, on the eve of death, as was supposed, the friends of Carlos extorted from him a new decree, repealing the other; but he disappointed them by recovering, and hastened to undo the mischief at once. But the next year, he died, and Maria Isabella, then only three years old, was proclaimed his successor. Don Carlos was banished, and the most vigorous measures taken by the Regent, Queen Christina; but the struggles and bloodshed continued, with more or less violence, up to 1840, when the contest was settled in favor of the little-girl Queen.

Since then, other revolutions have taken place; Queen Isabella was deposed in 1868, and Marshall Serrano placed at the head of the Provisional Government; but, at last, the majority of the Spaniards, hoping for an end to their bitter experience of King Stork and King Log, invited Amadeus, a son of Victor Emanuel of Italy, to reign over them. He assumed this troublesome task last year, but the Carlists have never been idle, and are now making busy and bloody work for the new ruler.

The Don Carlos of to-day is, we believe, a grandson of the one in whose behalf the party was first established, and for whom they fought in the seven years' struggle. From appearances, the present movement is not likely to succeed. All liberal and progressive Spaniards are opposed to it, the Carlists being looked upon as the champions of absolutism. It is thought that their triumph would result in the re-establishment of the old Bourbon regime, with its despotic tendencies, Salic laws, and retrogressive policy.

A MILK-MAN.—In the year 1855 or 1856 or thereabouts, says the Grass Valley (Cal.) Union, we knew a man in Nevada City who milked two or three cows, and who used to walk around the town and sell the lacteal fluid. He carried two cans on a wooden yoke, which was placed over his neck and shoulders. He has flourished since then, and now has lands and horned cattle down in Monterey county. He is now engaged in milking 1,200 cows, and he makes butter and cheese. Next spring he will milk 1,500 cows. His cows are of excellent stock, consisting of Devon, Short-horn and Alderney blood. The name of this successful milkest and ex-Nevada City man is S. C. Abbott. His property is assessed this year at \$400,000, and we doubt if he would sell out at that figure.

"Honor to Whom Honor is Due."

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It has occurred to the writer hereof to be more than passing strange, that at neither of the High School Alumni gatherings has the name of the sole originator, and early and most ardent advocate for the establishment of both the Coffin and the Town's Public Schools, in this isolated community, been mentioned or alluded to. Hon. Samuel H. Jenks was not merely the putative, but the actual father of the Nantucket Coffin and Public Schools, that had their commencement, the former in 1826, and the latter in 1827. In 1859, being desirous of obtaining some information in relation to the Coffin School, and well knowing Mr. Jenks to have been the school-king of our island, I communicated with him on the subject. Having now in my possession his very interesting reply, I am interested, in justice to his memory, and as a gentle rebuke to those who forgot to remember him, that all who have derived benefit from those schools, should know to whom they are most indebted for the substantial good and varied pleasures which they have and now are receiving from those excellent institutions. I wish, Messrs. Editors, even at a considerable cost of your valuable space, to spread before this people the eloquent letter of Mr. Jenks, and in view of its public nature, easy and fascinating style, I know you will willingly aid me.

W. R. E.

[COPY.]

250 Broadway, Boston, Feb. 5, '59.

Dear Sir:—I received yesterday your note of 1st inst., which has opened before me an area of reminiscences that would take me a long time to perambulate. As is usual when dwelling on past events, one remembers more vividly his own part in the panorama of life, I may be led into egotistical details while endeavoring to recall the facts to which you ask my attention; and you must excuse this feature of my reply, for the reason that the subject of your inquiry involves my own action, equally I think with that of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. The historical sketch that I shall offer must be taken as from memory, and not as from authorized record.

In April 1817, I visited Nantucket for a sad and sacred purpose; remained a year; returned to this my native place; and in 1819 was induced to adopt Nantucket, as the future residence of myself and of my two motherless children. Educated as I had been under the free school system of Boston—a system made universal (with only one exception) throughout the State, by long standing and positive legal requirement, I was astounded and grieved to find that Nantucket, with a population of some 10,000, should have taken advantage of her necessarily tolerated exemption from certain other burdens, to set at naught the laws requiring every town to furnish instruction, without cost to children of all classes. I sought to arouse that people, through newspapers (such as they were) and at town meetings, to a sense of their duty, and of their legal liabilities. I met with repeated rebuffs in the old town hall. Some of the primitives said they had already "good enough" schools (meaning the charity schools). Others, the Friends, declared they had schools of their own, and would not mingle their children with those of the world's people. Others again like our friend Jethro M., ridiculed my motion for an appropriation for public schools, by denouncing it as a "Boston notion." I was voted down thrice, as an officious, intermeddling "stranger and coof." In my consequent indignation, I succeeded in causing the town to be indicted for a long protracted and gross violation of the Statutes of the Commonwealth. Before the trial was to have commenced, the Selectmen promised that if I should obtain a withdrawal of the suits, ample provision in the premises would be made. I did so; a small sum was voted. It served for beginning; and thus originated the now excellent school system of Nantucket. This is but a sort of preface to my answer to your inquiry; but it is, as you will perceive, intimately connected with the subject. It was during this contest between the town authorities and my humble and despised self, that Sir Isaac Coffin arrived. Much of his time was passed with my good father-in-law, Hon. William Coffin; and there I became intimate with the Admiral. I took the gouty old hero in a chaise to Siasconset (as I had before done with the negro Prince Saunders). On the way he disclosed to me the object of his visit: It was, he said having no immediate heirs, to "do something to cause his name to be remembered." "Should he build a church?" he asked, or raise a great monument, or purchase a ship for the town's benefit?" &c. Full of the enthusiasm and zeal with which I had so long been excited on the subject of schools, a thought at once struck me. "If you raise a monument, Sir Isaac," I said, "it will not be looked at by more than a hundred people once a year; if you build a church, as you are an Episcopalian, it will neither be supported nor attended, for there is scarcely one besides myself of that order in the place; and as to the purchase of a vessel, if done at all, it should be for the purpose of nautical instruction. The best thing you can do—the deed that will make you forever remembered—is to establish and endow a free school (thereby shaming the town). You will thus benefit your numerous kinsfolk, and their grateful posterity, while you effectually perpetuate your name." He at once adopted the suggestion, entered upon the preliminary details, and I felt avenged in the matter of my struggles with the

town. A subsequent consultation by the Admiral with my father Coffin, led to the idea, at the instance of the former, of the payment of a fee of (I think) \$2.50 per quarter, for various plausible reasons, afterwards stated to me by the Admiral. One was highly characteristic. "Egad," said he, "what costs nothing is never valued." I did not object, for as the public (Town) school system was about to be triumphantly inaugurated, I was a little jealous of competition. Father Coffin, a great antiquarian, and a most indefatigable genealogist, had gathered, by vast and persevering labor, the family statistics of every household in Nantucket. He found by the voluminous record that I now have before me, that there were in 1820, between 500 and 600 children between the ages of 7 and 14; and that not more than one or two families existed that could not trace a lineal or collateral relationship to the celebrated patriarch Trixram. The number of children increased greatly by the time the school commenced. The periodical or permanent regulation of the entrance fee, I believe was definitely left to the Trustees, and they may have made changes, probably by authority, from time to time. It was the Admiral's original determination that the Board of Trustees should all bear the name of Coffin, both then and thereafter. This was the case for some years; but this design has, perhaps necessarily, been departed from.

This is a very imperfect, though too prolix a response to your letter; and you must excuse this hasty transcript from the tablets of a somewhat distracted memory, obscured so often and so long, by the darkest clouds of adversity. I have written this "under difficulties" even, and know not that you can decipher it; but I no longer take pride in my chirography. I remain, as ever,

Yours, sincerely,

SAM'L H. JENKS.

Afterthought.—Among his remarks, Sir Isaac expressed his wish that the school should be for imparting a plain, but thorough education, such as would fit children to become men and women able to perform understandingly the substantial duties of life. He wanted very little or nothing to be done by way of ornament; and when, subsequently, higher branches were introduced, many people declared it a departure from the original intent. The amount of funds invested I do not now recollect.

"Put Yourself in His Place."

BY PHEBE CARY.

O, men, who are good, who are honored and great,
Be kind to your brothers of lowly estate;
If masters, then be not in tasking severe;
If rulers, then rule men in love and not fear;
And if ye be fathers, wise, learned and strong,
Lead the little ones tenderly, slowly along;
Ere you sneer at the humble or punish the base,
Pause and think for awhile, "Put yourselves in their place!"

Fair lady, so haughty, so chaste, and so cold,
Kept safely from harm in love's sheltering fold;
Ere you turn from your frail, erring sister with scorn,
Think how she was tempted, and how she was born;
Her ruin may date from a smile or kind word,
The first that her poor hungry heart ever heard;
Then pause, ere you taunt her with sin and disgrace—
How if you had been tried? "Put yourself in her place!"

Proud man, whom the white robes of ermine enfold:
As you weigh others' sins in the balance you hold;
Ere you crush the last spark in a heart doomed to bleed,
Let mercy come in for a moment and plead:
Ere you sentence "for life" a poor brother to dwell,
With the ghosts of the sins that shall people his cell,
Think why you are honored, and he in disgrace,
What is hid in your heart! "Put yourself in his place."
"Put yourself in their place!" Yea, have mercy on all,
Who through love, or through hate, good or evil shall fall;
Who knows in the light of a judgment divine,
Which soul shall be whitest—the sinner's or thine!
Fear to judge, lest you stand at the heavenly door,
To see harlots and publicans go in before,
While you cover with guilty confusion your face,
And cry, when too late, to be put in their place!

USEFUL HINTS.—Learn to think and act for yourself.

Have but few confidants,—the fewer the better.

Never "fool" in business matters.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Aid, but never beg.

Help others when you can, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say "no." No necessity of snapping it out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Strive to avoid hard words and personalities.

Do not kick every stone in the path. More miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than stopping.

Have order, system, regularity, liberality and promptness.

A deacon who keeps a grocery store in a neighboring town, says an exchange, having instructed his clerk, when out of a desired article, to call the attention of the customer to the next nearest thing, was not a little astonished when his pastor called and inquired for new molasses, to hear the clerk say, "We have no new molasses, but we have got some nice new rum."

Secret of a Long Life.

My uncle, Daniel Smith, of Oxford, Maine, says a writer in the New York *Ledger*, was most emphatically a man of regular and precise habits. I was intimate with him for years,—spending days beneath his own roof, and he sojourned for brief reasons with me—and I never saw him in a passion, nor heard him speak in an excited tone of voice, though I have heard him say bitter and cutting things. His religious instincts led him Quakerward, and if he had one political item of faith stronger than another, it was universal peace.

I was one time talking with his son, Mark P., of the old man's habits and temperament, and I said: "Really, Mark, you are in body older than your father."

"And well I may be," said he. "I have done more hard work than father ever did."

"And yet," said I, "uncle Daniel has never been an idle man."

"No, replied Mark, "he was never idle; but I never knew him to hurry. I remember when father was the only shoemaker in our district. No matter what was the work on hand, nor how many feet were bare, when his proper hours for labor were done, off went his apron, and his season of rest was his own. I call to mind a certain occasion when we were at work in the hayfield. We had a large lot of valuable hay down and spread upon the ground, sufficiently cured to carry in. We were raking it up and there were signs of rain. Father was ahead of me, and I called him to hurry. I called to him a second time and my impatience was manifest. 'For mercy's sake, father, can't you hurry up just a little? Don't you see those clouds over the hill? the rain will catch us!'

"He stopped—he was not more than forty then—and setting the tail of his rake upon the ground, he turned and answered me."

"Mark," said he, "I have nothing to do with the rain; I have only myself to be answerable for. God has given me just my share of strength, and it must last me my lifetime. I can't waste it now!"

"I don't remember of ever trying to hurry him again."

I saw my uncle Daniel, at the age of eighty-seven swinging a scythe upon the very piece of interval where his son had sought, in vain, to hurry him—seven-and-forty years before. He passed away beyond the vale, two years ago, at the ripe old age of ninety-six.

The *Vineyard Gazette* contains a letter from the Secretary of the Massachusetts Humane Society to Capt. B. C. Cromwell, of the steamer *Martha's Vineyard*, communicating to him the following vote, and forwarding the certificate:

Voted, That the certificate of the Society be presented to Capt. Benjamin C. Cromwell of the steamer "Martha's Vineyard," for his noble perseverance in rescuing the crew of the schooner "White Swan," ashore in the breakers near Cape Poge, March 6th, 1872.

The letter also announces that a record of the noble act and the names of the actors is entered upon the books of the Society. The names recorded are Daniel Fisher, 2d, Seth Merchant, 2d, William F. Fisher, George Fisher, Calvin H. Wilbur and Richard J. Merchant, each of whom receives \$20, as the crew of the boat launched from the steamer; and Daniel Fisher, 2d, Seth Merchant, 2d, Jared C. Fisher, Joseph Merchant, George Fisher, Abner B. Fisher, Richard J. Merchant and William F. Fisher, who comprised the boat's crew that left Edgartown on the morning of the disaster to board the wrecked vessel, and who receive each the sum of \$8.

The *Gazette* says:

Capt. Cromwell is much pleased with the certificate of the Society presented to him, and expresses his hearty gratitude at their action. It will always be treasured by him as a memento of his share in the noblest work humanity can engage in—a risk of one's life to save the life of another.

"The Abolitionists."

In your recent notice of Mr. John F. Hume's book "The Abolitionists" you alluded to the "undergroud railroad" in Southern Ohio and its wretched passengers in desperate flight towards the North Star. This reminded me that I have a letter written by one of the operators of an "underground railroad" that was running from Ohio to Canada long before Mr. Hume's time. The letter was written by Charity Rodman Rotch a daughter of Capt. Thomas Rodman, who was lost at sea in his own vessel while on a voyage from Honduras to Nantucket in the year 1766—the year in which Charity was born. She married Thomas Rotch in the year 1790, and moved from Nantucket to Ohio. The letter was written in her home in Kendall, Ohio, October 14, 1821, to her sister, Anna Rodman Hazard, the wife of Thomas Hazard, Jr., a merchant in New York City. It says:

"Night before last we had a consignment of two negro men and a little boy fleeing for their liberty to Canada; poor things, they excited much sympathy and so prey upon my feeling that I should be glad to have but little of their company. We procured a man to go with them last night to put them on their way, the day having been mostly spent in providing food for them. About half an hour after they went a person knocked at the door and who should it be but another negro of the same description; he was anxious, tho' very much fatigued, to overtake the others, and after provisioning another decoy we posted them away and were truly glad to be released so soon. This last man said he had been sold and was put on board a boat to go to New Orleans with a little boy 10 years old; the water was low in the river and at night he got off the boat undiscovered and traveled north. We were informed, by one of the persons that went, that he overtook the first party and they were traveling on, negro-like, apparently happy. We provided provisions to last them to Pansyville if they are only prudent. A very lamentable trait in the character of a free people is the circumstances of the poor negroes in this land; but I fear they will not be much better off in Canada."—W. R. E. in New York Times Saturday Review of Books.

The Vineyard's Heath Hen.

A few heath hens live on the island of Martha's Vineyard and these are the only birds of the race that exist anywhere on the globe. Naturally then, their preservation is a matter of importance to ornithologists, to nature lovers, to all persons who care for wild life. The Massachusetts public should be greatly interested in the matter and the subject of their safety from extermination should press upon its earnest attention. The National Association of Audubon societies suggests in its annual report that a law should be passed without delay making a close season for at least ten years, else will the few remaining birds disappear in a short time and the race become extinct. The colony is so situated that it can be easily protected, but the services of a warden are desirable and a law, which might well provide for a fine of a hundred dollars for killing one of the birds or taking any eggs, as the Audubon society suggests. The national association urges upon the citizens of Massachusetts immediate action and pledges its influence and help.—New Bedford Standard.

When Speech was Golden.

A ventriloquist now famous was at one time so hard up that he had to walk from New York to Philadelphia, says a daily paper. On that occasion he picked up a miserable little dog "because it looked so much like he felt."

The first house he came to was a saloon. He had no money, but went in. The proprietor, a German, said:

"Well, what will you have?"

He said: "I'll take a little whiskey," and then, turning to the dog, he asked:

"What will you have?"

"I'll take a ham sandwich."

The German was so surprised he almost fainted. He looked at the dog a moment, and then asked:

"What did you say?"

"I said a ham sandwich."

Hans thought it strange that a dog should be able to talk, and asked who had trained him, how long it had taken etc., and wound up with:

"How much you take for him?"

"Oh," said the ventriloquist, "I wouldn't sell him at any price, but I am a little hard up now, and if you will lend me \$50 I'll leave him with you till I bring the money."

"All right," said Hans, "I just want him for a little while, so I can show him to some smart people I know around here."

So everything was settled, and the money paid, and as the ventriloquist went out he turned and waved his hand to the dog, saying:

"Good-by, Jack, I'll come back soon."

"You mean son-of-a-gun, to sell me for \$50 after all I've done for you. So help me, Moses, I'll never speak another word as long as I live."

And he did.

A teacher in one of our public schools was having a lesson upon latitude and its effect upon climate.

"Now, who can tell," she inquired why it grows colder as we travel towards the north." A youngster cried, "It's because you get farther away from the creator!" — Philadelphia Ledger.

W.L. Paper Law-making.

The germ hunters are at it again. Now they have a bill in the legislature requiring that all wall paper be taken off the walls of a room before new paper is put on, the claim being that germs of disease delight to dwell in and about old wall paper and that they should be destroyed before new paper is put on. Perhaps they will establish by law the length of time which a house should be permitted to go without repapering and painting, and possibly they will attend to a lot of other little things which have ordinarily been supposed to be the personal obligation of the house owner and individual and finally will relieve the individual of all responsibility whatever. When that time comes it will be time for the state to enter upon its work of life insurance and old age insurance and the like, for it will have such a perfect system of regulation for living that it can safely issue its guarantees against death and the infirmities of old age to any citizen who is law-abiding.—Haverhill Gazette.

29.

OF

1889
Feb.

BILLS PAYABLE.

To Whom. Dolls. Cts.

MEMORANDA.

LOOKING BACKWARD A HALF CENTURY.

Interesting Reviews of Nantucket Happenings in 1856, a Year of Notable Events in the Island's History.

Those possessing files of Nantucket newspapers of dates prior to the seventies are possessed of an immense amount of interesting data connected with our island's history. We find much enjoyment in frequent review of our back number files, and occasionally come across material that is worthy of republishing, in the light of later day events.

The year 1856 was quite prolific of events, more than ordinary interest in this community, and included the laying of the first Nantucket cable between Great point and Monomoy the longest submarine cable in the waters of America. Then there was a new High School building; the new lighthouse at Brant point (now soon to give place to another structure for keeper's dwelling), and the first fall event of the Nantucket Agricultural Society. To some of our readers these events will not seem remote. To others they will be among their earliest recollections; while still others will know concerning them only from having heard their elders talk or through reading local history. We have made excerpts from some of the stories written in the local press at the time, that will be entertaining reading:

The Nantucket Cable.

"We have gathered a few particulars, which are of public interest. The Cable which is to be laid down from Great Point to Cape Cod, was manufactured by Samuel C. Bishop, Esq., of 181 Broadway, New York, and is constructed of No. 9 wire, covered with two coatings of gutta percha, being about five eighths of an inch in diameter. It was shipped in New York on reels, each reel containing one mile of cable. The schr. Silas Parker having been chartered for the purpose, a large reel will be fixed on her deck, abaft of the cabin gangway, and the entire cable (15 miles in length) will be transferred to it. Mr. Bishop is now here, with assistants, making the requisite preliminary preparations, and will personally attend to the laying of the Cable. The extent of this sub-marine line is about four times the length of any Cable put down in the United States—the Vineyard Cable (3 1-2 miles) being next in length.

If the weather is suitable, the Cable will be laid on Tuesday next. The

steamer Island Home will tow the schooner to the proper position, and over the cable route to the opposite point. It is expected that the steamer R. B. Forbes, with a delegation of the underwriters of Boston, will be in attendance on this interesting occasion. Probably there will be numerous visitors from other place. On Wednesday evening there will be a Ball here, the music from Boston.

While on this subject, it is but proper we should allude to the fact that A. J. Baldwin has executed his part of the trust in a most satisfactory manner. It is not detracting from the credit of others, in saying that it is

greatly owing to his perseverance that Nantucket is so soon to be in telegraphic communication with the Continent. This makes the fifth telegraph line Mr. B. has constructed, so that he is an "old liner." At the appropriate time we shall take pleasure in rendering justice to those of our citizens who applied the "motive power," by liberal subscriptions to the stock, and by personal influence.

—Nantucket Inquirer, Aug. 15, 1856.

"The winding was a slow job, requiring much care to lay it on so that it would run off clear, occupying four days of remitting labor, and was completed last Monday noon. Fifteen miles were reeled, weighing about ten tons. We may here mention the "close calculation" of Mr. Bishop, in being ready at the appointed time. On the arrival of the Cable, he stated that he would surely have it all ready to lay down a week from that day; at that time it was all wound, and in the afternoon hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect it at the wharf.

Tuesday last, the day assigned for putting down the Cable, at 3 o'clock in the morning, we were on board the steamer Telegraph, which was to tow the schr. over the cable route; a very small company only having the hardihood to leave their beds at such an hour, when Morpheus winds his arms around humanity with an almost irresistible power. The schr. was soon made fast to the larboard side of the steamer, and at 4 o'clock we started, firing a signal gun soon after passing Brant Point.

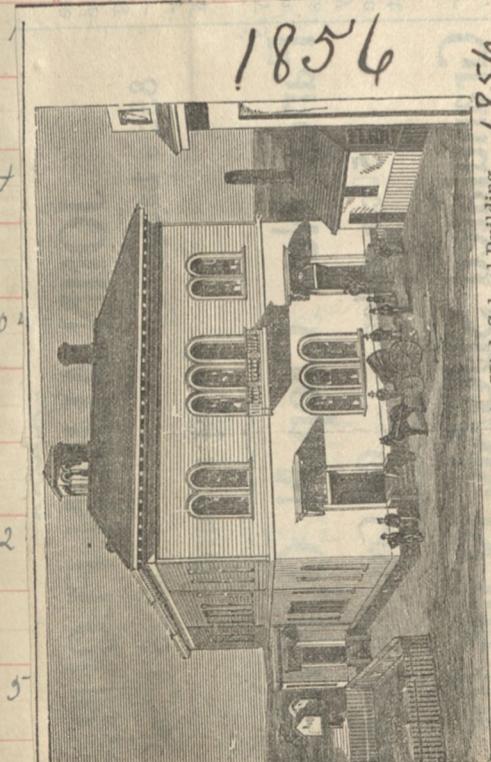
Anchored off Great Point at 5.12, fired a second gun, and run up the American ensign and other flags; one of the flags at the schr.'s mast-head was inscribed thus: "Nantucket Telegraph, the longest American Sub-Marine Cable ever laid—Aug., 1856." At 8 o'clock, one end of the Cable was taken ashore in the boat, and in half an hour was secured to the poles, when the cannon again roared forth its hoarse notes, followed by cheers on board and ashore. It was a moment of deep interest, the thoughts would crowd the mind, at the mysterious connection about to be created, in spite of sea and space, the depths of ocean made a pathway by the mind of man. At 9 o'clock, started on the route, the Cable running over the stern of the vessel, on a roller fixed to the davits. It required the whole force to unreel the Cable sufficiently rapid to enable the steamboat to make headway, it being requisite to let the Cable run to the bottom as fast as it went out. To effect this object, it was necessary to stop the steamboat, but the tide swept her along quite as rapid as it was prudent to run the cable, about two miles an hour.

Finding the inclination slightly out of line to the E., set the schr.'s jib, and the pilot assured us that we were making almost a "bee line" to Monomoy point. At 10 o'clock, had made 2 1-2 miles, the Cable fairly "bottomed." At 11 o'clock, 5 miles from Great Point, the Cable mainly unreeling itself, put on the least possi-

ble amount of steam; 10 1-2 fathoms of water. The sea had gradually been getting uneasy at the innovations, and before 12 o'clock had become downright turbulent, the heavy swell rendering it dangerous to keep the schr. alongside, as she rolled and pitched furiously, threatening damage to them both, the fenders not answering the purpose of defenders. Dropped the schr. astern and towed her, the Cable, all the while running without difficulty, notwithstanding the heavy swell.

Passing the Shovelful Light Boat, that vessel run up flags, rung her bell, and cheered, which was answered with a gun from the schr. The steamboat was then making about 3 miles, and the brakes were applied to prevent the Cable from running off the reel too rapidly. At 1 1-2 o'clock anchored off Monomoy Point, and fired a gun, just five hours from the time the end was connected on Great Point. Owing to the slight dragging of the anchor, while a sufficiency of the Cable was being coiled in the boat to connect on shore, the coil became entangled, and it was nearly an hour before the end was got ashore, the swell being heavy. At five minutes of 3, the end was secured to the polls on Monomoy Point, when the gun again boomed forth its joyous notes in celebration of the greatest feat of the kind ever consummated in this country. At 3 1-2 o'clock weighed anchor, "homeward bound," having most successfully, in spite of a rough sea, laid down in almost a true line, nearly 14 miles of Sub-Marine Cable, connecting Nantucket and Cape Cod in bonds which we trust may never be severed, but endure forever.

From Monomoy Light (the termination of the cable) to Chatham Light, the distance is six miles. At the latter point another cable of one and a half miles connects Monomoy Point with the main land of the Cape thence two and a half miles to the office at Chatham.—The Nantucket Inquirer, Friday, August 22, 1856.



An Old Wood-cut Picture of the High School Building. 1856

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Brant Point Lighthouse.

"On Wednesday the lamps in the new Light-House were lit for the first time. The means for giving light is the Catadioptric Apparatus, of the fourth order, known as the Fresnel light. This new light only lights up three-fourths of the whole horizon."

—The Weekly Mirror, Saturday, December 13, 1856.

"Brant Point is now honored with the eighth light-house. How long the first one stood, or when it was built, we have no means of ascertaining; we can only learn that it was burnt down in 1759. Another erected which stood till 1774, when it was blown down. In the fall of 1783 the next one was burnt down."

"The foundation of the tower is of concrete cement, two feet thick, and eighteen feet in diameter, laid two feet below mean low water mark. The base of the tower is of hammered granite, laid in courses two feet thick, to the height of twelve feet. The interior of the base forms a cistern, where water may be caught for household use. The column forming the tower is of brick, laid in cement, thirteen feet in diameter at the base, and eleven feet at the top, with an air space within the walls for ventilation. The capitol is of red sand stone, 2 feet 9 inches thick, and 14 feet in diameter; the parapet is 14 inches thick, 3 feet 8 inches high, and 7 feet 10 inches in diameter, capped with sandstone, which receives the lantern. The lantern is of cast iron with twelve lights of plate glass, costing \$22 each. A circular stairway of iron, winds its spiral way up to a floor of iron, where is the lantern, which is 58 feet above the foundation, and 47 feet above ground.

The house for the keeper, is of brick with a granite foundation, on the same level as the tower; in size it is 32 feet by 28 feet has seven rooms, including the oil and wash rooms for the lantern. All the walls are vaulted.

The High School Building.

"The great object of interest in our midst this week, has been the Dedication of our New High School House. We left the pressing duties of our office, to attend. The Principal gave us a reporter's seat, and we presented to our readers the result.

Rev George H. Hepworth called to order at 1-4 to 3, and addressed the Throne of Grace in an appropriate and feeling manner.

Remarks were then made by the Hon. Wm. R. Easton, Chairman of the School Committee, who stated that after using the first appropriation of \$6000, made by the town, another appropriation of \$9,000 was granted; and owing to the high price of labor and lumber, the Committee had exceeded the last appropriation by about \$3,000; making the cost of the building, \$18,000,"—The Weekly Mirror, Saturday, December 6, 1856.

The teachers of the High School which occupied the upper floor, were: A. B. Whipple, principal; Maria Mitchell and Caroline L. Tallant, assistants.

In the Grammer School, on the first floor, J. H. Hanaford was principal, and Mary Coffin, Mary Whippley and Maria T. Swain, assistants. The architect was G. J. F. Bryant, of Boston.

ed, to prevent dampness, and are laid in the best cement.

The enclosing wall, for the protection of the buildings, is of granite, 2 feet thick, and 8 feet high from the same level as the tower; it encloses a space of 150 by 128 feet; the whole is laid in cement and firmly clamped at the joints.

The cost of the whole establishment will somewhat overrun the appropriation by the U. S. of \$15,000.

It was commenced June 1st, 1856, and finished ready for the lantern, Oct. 22d, 1856.—The Weekly Mirror. Nantucket, Saturday, November 22, 1856.

The Nantucket Agricultural Society.

The Weekly Mirror of Nov. 21, 1856, gives in detail an account of the first fall meeting of the Nantucket Agricultural Society, which opened Tuesday, October 28, 1856, and continued three days. The enthusiasm appears to have been great, a committee of twenty ladies lending substantial aid. There were dedicatory speeches and verses, and poems of serious or lighter vein in large number, and the exhibits were most creditable. The society was launched under favoring conditions, with Edward W. Gardner as its president.

OF March 1889

BILLS PAYABLE.

To Whom. Dolls. Cts.

MEMORANDA.

Y MORNING, JANUARY 2, 1897.

Record of Nantucket's Fires.

Recent fires have given rise to many arguments as to dates of previous conflagrations, and we have been importuned to print a record thereof, with which request we now comply. The record up to 1876 was compiled by the late Timothy S. Chase, and has been previously published, but is again presented with the additional mention of fires and alarms during the succeeding twenty-one years, made up from our files, and which is substantially correct. It is a record worthy of preservation, which may be added to if required:

1736.—Friends' Meeting House, just west of the Elihu Coleman farm house, now owned by the Hosier brothers. Totally consumed. Loss, \$400.

1759.—Light house on Brant Point.

1762.—Peter Barnard's house. Loss, \$400.

1765.—Mill. Loss, \$500.

1769. Several buildings on South Wharf. Loss, \$11,000.

Buildings on Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.

1774.—Enoch Gardner's barn. Loss, \$100.

1779.—Two barns. Loss, \$300.

1782.—Light house at Brant Point. Loss, \$1000.

1786.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$1000.

Nicholas Meader's house at Sesachacha. Loss, \$100.

1799.—Isaac Folger's shop. Loss, \$1500.

1802.—Nathan Beebe's bake house. Loss, \$2000.

1810.—George Russell's shop. Loss, \$350.

1811.—Matthew Myrick's rope-walk. Loss, \$3000.

1812.—Samuel Swain's house at Philip's Run. Loss, \$200.

Several buildings at South Wharf. Loss, \$6000.

1814.—George Myrick's farm house. Loss, \$300.

1816.—Light house at Great Point. Loss, \$500.

1820.—Jethro Dunham's house on Tuckernuck. Loss, \$400.

1822.—January 5th.—Building of Daniel Jones.

November 30th.—Latham Gardner's house.

1823.—Thomas & Henry Starbuck's shop. Loss, \$100.

March 15th.—House of Seth Russell.

November 25th.—Store of Henry Starbuck.

1822 or 1823.—Slight fire at the house of Moses Harris, at Newtown.

1825.—May 5th.—House of Edward Clark.

1827.—House of Jedidah Lawrence, corner of Main and Howard streets, slightly damaged in the basement.

1828.—December.—Paint shop of Thomas Smith, corner of Water and Cambridge streets, damaged about \$1000.

1830.—January 30th.—An alarm of fire in the evening, caused by the burning out of a chimney. Mr. William Dunham was instantly killed by being caught between an engine and a post in front of the house now occupied by Mr. George W. Burdick.

1831.—December.—An alarm of fire caused by the burning out of the chimney of the house of Abijah Gardner.

1831.—Isaac Coffin's barn on Charter street, totally destroyed. Loss, \$900.

1834.—The carpenter's shop of Mr. John R. Macy, on Ash street, was burned during the summer. Loss, about \$800.

1833.—May 7th.—The house of Seth Pinkham, at Siasconset, was burned.

House of Richard Mitchell. Incendiary.

1834.—January 20th.—The store attached to the dwelling house of Mrs. Elizabeth Chase, where the Coffin school house now stands, was badly damaged. Loss to store and goods, about \$1000.

1835.—July 28th.—The cooper's shop of Mr. Charles C. Morris, head of Pearl street, was slightly damaged on the roof. Loss, about \$100.

1836.—January 2d.—The house of James Athearn, Jr., Centre street, was slightly damaged in the basement.

May 10th.—Washington House, kept by Elisha Starbuck, the house of Francis F. Hussey, the large three story building on the corner of Main and Union streets, and the building of Francis F. Hussey, on Union street, were destroyed; the buildings covering the land east of the store now occupied by Mr. Asa C. Jones to the land of Dr. J. B. King, on Union street. The loss was estimated at \$15,000.

November 4th.—An alarm of fire from tar barrels burning on Brant Point.

1837.—March 13th.—The house of N. Ames was slightly injured.

October 8th.—The house of Edward B. Hussey, Centre street, was totally destroyed.

December 9th.—The house of Joseph P. Sylvia, on the Hensdale farm, was totally destroyed.

1838.—June 2d.—A fire broke out about 11 o'clock at night, in the lower end of the ropewalk of Joseph James, situated between Union and Washington streets, totally consuming that building, the candle factories of Daniel Jones, Philip H. Folger, Valentine Hussey, Matthew Crosby, James Athearn, and the dwellings of Harvey Crocker, James N. Bassett, Walter Folger, Jr., Thomas D. Morris, Samuel Dunham, Charles F. Gardner, William Hodges, Samuel Ames, Jabez Cushman, Jesse Crosby, the store of Gilbert Coffin, blacksmith shops of John Meader, Reuel Rawson, the boatbuilders' shops of Thomas G. Barnard, Leonard Fisher, the twine factory of Reuben R. Bunker, cooper's shop of John Elkins, and in fact everything between Union street and the harbor; a locality which at that time was covered with oil factories and oil sheds. Those who are now living, whose memory reaches back to that night, will never forget the sight of the blazing oil that covered the waters of the harbor south of Commercial wharf; nor the long tiers of iron hoops left standing in the place of the sheds stored with thousands of barrels of oil. So intense was the heat that no charred remains of anything were left; but the whole district was burnt as bare as the shore beach. There were over one hundred sufferers by this fire, and the loss was estimated at from \$150,000 to \$300,000.

June 25th.—Blacksmith's shop occupied by Richard Swain. Partially destroyed.

November 21st.—Alarm of fire.

1839.—March 20th.—Cromwell Barnard's barn, and five other buildings rear of the block on Orange street.

1840.—January 12th.—James Sandisbury's house at Newtown.

January 31st.—The shop of Henry Gardner, south part of the town. Slightly injured.

October 17th.—Dwelling house on Union street. Damage trifling.

October 19th.—Candle factory of James Athearn, Liberty street. Damaged slightly.

1841.—January 5th.—Alarm caused by the burning out of a chimney.

Oct. 12th.—Small building belonging to Mrs. Eunice Lawrence, New Mill street. Total loss.

1842.—January 29th.—Building in south part of the town called Guinea, occupied as a dance hall. Totally destroyed, but no loss to the community.

February 7th.—Cooper's shop of Coffin & Gardner, near the head of South wharf. Damage trifling.

February 22d.—Lawrence & Cobb's dry goods store, where the shop of Thomas B. Paddock now stands. Damage slight.

1844.—February 21st.—Burning of the Asylum at Quaise. The buildings were totally destroyed, and ten of the inmates perished in the flames, as follows: Paul Jenkins, Jonathan Cathcart, William Holmes, Thomas Hull, William Hutchins, Abial Grew, Wealthy Swain, Phebe Jones, Sophia Beebe, Lydia Bowen.

April.—The farm house of Charles A. Burgess.

1846.—July 13th.—About 11 o'clock this evening, commenced what has since been known as the "Great Fire." It originated in the hat store of W.H. Geary, where the tailor shop of G.F. Barreau now stands, and spreading up and down, burned all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Orange street and the Straight and South wharves. Crossing Main street where the Citizens' Room is now located, it spread in all directions, consuming everything east of Centre street between Main and Broad streets, the buildings on the west side of Centre street between the house of Mrs. Upham and Orange street. Crossing Broad street, it burned the fine Episcopal Church, and all the buildings on the north side between that and the harbor, as also the buildings on the east side of North Water street, as far north as the new cottage of George K. Long, and several houses on the west side. Between three and four hundred buildings were burned, and property to the amount of nearly \$1,000,000 destroyed. Had the efforts to save the Methodist Church proved unavailing, the probability is that the whole northwest section of the town would have been burned.

July 15th.—An alarm of fire, caused by sparks falling on the roof of a dwelling house on Union street.

December 12.—Paint shop of John S. Thomas, on Federal street. Damage about \$1000 to building and stock.

1847.—January 9th.—An alarm caused by the burning of tar barrels on Brant Point.

February 19th.—Henry Coffin's barn, Cambridge farm. Total loss.

1848.—February 28th.—Burning out of chimneys in Miriam Prince's house, New Dollar Lane.

March 28th.—House of Thomas C. Hamblen, North shore. Partially destroyed.

September 7th.—The house of William Hadwen, now occupied by Joseph S. Barney. Damage very slight.

1849.—May 1st.—Levi Starbuck's barn, Fair street. Damage slight.

May 21.—Jonathan Mooer's house, rear of the house of the late James Codd, Orange street. Damage slight.

May 10th.—Benjamin Ray's house, Pine street. Damage slight. Newbegins house, west of the town. Partially destroyed.

July 18th.—Mitchell & Coffin's candle factory. Very slight.

November 24th.—Peleg Macy's building head of South wharf. Damage small.

May 14th.—Shed rear of Reuben Meader's house, Orange street.

May 28th.—House of Zenas Coleman, Pearl street. Damage small.

June 20th.—Tin shop of Christopher C. Hussey, Federal street. Building and stock damaged by fire and water about \$500.

1851.—January 25th.—Alarm from burning tar barrels.

June 3d.—House of Daniel Moulton, head of Pearl street. Slight.

November 14th.—Cigar store of William M. Russell, Main street next east of the house now owned by Mrs. Sarah M. Hallett.

December 4th.—Porch of Dennis Mullen's house, near South beach.

1852.—July 8th.—West Grammar schoolhouse, west of the town. Totally destroyed.

1853.—May 31st.—A barn near the house of Thomas Barnard, 2d, head of Lily street, caused by some small boys setting fire to shavings.

1854.—July 5th.—Charles Starbuck's barn, Squain. Total loss.

1855.—May 13.—Hezekiah Paddock's paint shop, candle street. Damage about \$1000.

June 3d.—House of Justin Lawrence, Gay street. Slightly injured.

September 5th.—Alarm caused by a blacksmith setting tires.

1856.—February 19th.—Alarm caused by the moon shining in at the windows of the Fair street M. E. Church.

February 26th.—Frederick Arthur's barn, rear of his house, corner of Orange street and Plumb Lane. Slight damage.

1858.—October 11th.—Collection of soot taking fire in the chimney of South Grammar Schoolhouse.

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MORANDA.

1859.—June 30th.—Dwelling house occupied by George Barrett, head of Main street. Totally consumed.

July 16th.—Cooper's shop of Freeman Parker. Slight.

August 23d.—Alarm caused by burning out a chimney.

September 20th.—Burning of the shoe store of A. D. Towle, Centre Street Block. Store badly damaged, and the goods of George R. Folger, who occupied the adjoining building, greatly injured by smoke.

October 12th.—Seth Clark house, corner of Union and Flores streets. Totally destroyed.

October 28th.—Burning of ship Planter, on the railway at Brant Point.

1860.—February 13th.—False alarm.

February 17th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.

March 5th.—Incendiary fire in the barn of Isaiah Nickerson. Put out without damage.

March 9th.—Burning of a small building west of the town. Incendiary.

March 12.—David Folger's cooper's shop. Loss between \$3000 and \$4000. Incendiary.

March 16th.—Burning of John Winn's barn on Grove Lane, west of the town. Incendiary. Totally destroyed.

April 3d.—Building belonging to Joseph Starbuck. Incendiary. Damage trifling.

1860.—April 14th.—Barn of Charles H. Dunham, head of Old North wharf. Damage slight.

May 17th.—Alarm caused by the burning of some stubble near the Asylum.

July 29th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.

September 25th.—Alarm caused by the ringing of the bell at an unusual hour.

September 27th.—Burning of the Constant Randall house, west of the town. Incendiary.

November 1st.—Burning of the barn on the farm of Charles C. Folger, just west of the town. Totally destroyed, together with hay, farming implements, a horse and several cows. Incendiary.

December 3d.—House of David G. Hussey. Damage slight.

1861.—May 18th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

September 29th.—Barn belonging to Shubael Clark, rear of his house on Pearl street. Partially burned.

December 16th.—Burning out of a chimney.

1862.—January 31st.—Burning of a barn belonging to Allen Smith, in his lot just south of the town.

March 25th.—Barn belonging to Wesley Berry, south part of the town.

September 5th.—Burning of the barns of George Creasy and George Coffin, between York and Dover streets. Totally destroyed.

September 18th.—House rear of Union street, belonging to John Williams. Totally destroyed.

October 7th.—Burning of house on New street, belonging to Margaret Lewis. Partially destroyed.

October 14th.—Alarm from unknown cause.

1863.—February 6th.—Thomas Coffin's house corner of Milk and Vestal streets. Damage slight.

March 14th.—Burning of a house in the south part of the town, occupied by Julia Smith. Totally consumed.

March 18th.—False alarm.

March 20th.—Partial burning of a building on Broad street, now occupied by Dr. F. A. Ellis.

March 28th.—Burning of a portion of the jail. Slight.

March 29th.—False alarm.

August 27th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

September 5th.—Burning out of a chimney.

October 17th.—Alarm; cause unknown.

1864.—August.—Barn of Henry I. DeFriez. Slightly injured.

1865.—April 9th.—Alarm from burning of stubble west of the town.

April 10th.—Alarm from burning out of a chimney.

April 19th.—Burning of beach grass, northwest of the town.

November 6th.—House belonging to Cyrus Cooper, southwest part of the town. Slightly injured.

November 12.—House belonging to Shubael Clark, Pearl street. Badly injured.

1866.—January 30th.—Alarm of fire caused by the burning of a bed in William Hussey's house, Quince street.

March 28th.—Farm house of William T. Swain, on what was known as the Albert C. Folger farm.

October 24th.—Henry P. Olin's boot and shoe store corner of Main and Orange streets.

November 9th.—Alarm from burning beds at house of Reuben M. Coffin, Liberty street.

1867.—October 15th.—Alarm from burning corn stalks on the farm of George C. Gardner.

November 10th.—Burning of George Clark's stable, with horses and carriages, water mill of Steamboat Company, &c.

November 16th.—Dwelling house on the farm formerly owned by David Joy Starbuck, in Squam.

1868.—March 7th.—House of Mr. Paul, at Siasconset. Slightly injured.

1070.—April 6th.—Try works on Commercial Wharf. Trifling damage.

April 17th.—Barn of John Winn, Grove Lane. Totally consumed.

1871.—January 13th.—House of Martin Terry, south part of town. Entirely consumed.

July 9th.—Barn on the estate of Uriah Gardner, northwest part of the town. A total loss.

1872.—February 22d.—Building of Benjamin W. Chase, rear of his house on Pearl street.

April 12th.—Barn of John M. Gardner, rear of his house on Liberty street.

April 24th.—House corner of Pleasant and Summer streets, occupied by Thomas W. Barrally. Slightly damaged.

1873.—August 3d.—Shoe factory of Mitchell & Hayden, just west of the town, entirely consumed, together with stock, machinery, &c. Loss estimated at \$18,000.

1874.—March 7th.—Alarm from bonfire at the head of Miacomet pond.

August 31st.—Try works of D. W. & R. E. Burgess, at their farm at Shimmo.

1875.—January 15th.—Alarm of fire from the North Church Vestry.

October 2d.—Paul Clisby's barn, at Shimmo. Total loss.

1876.—January 16th.—Dwelling house or the late Gilbert Coffin, corner of Main and Winter streets. Damage estimated about \$2000.

1877.—January 4.—Slight fire in shop of John Gray, Orange street. Defective flue. Damage slight. No alarm.

March 8.—Slight fire in house occupied by George Francis, Beaver street, 10 a. m., caused by matches. Damage about \$100.

March 26.—False alarm at 1.15 a. m. A light in house of George Winslow, West Centre street.

1878.—February 11.—Slight fire on the roof of John McInnney's house.

June 26.—Slight fire at Frederick Gardner's blacksmith shop, Old North wharf.

July 30.—An alarm caused by burning of a chimney flue in house occupied by John S. Catheart, Beaver street.

October 10.—Fire in south part of town caused by burning soot in chimney. No general alarm.

1879.—April 13.—Alarm sounded at 8 a. m. House corner Dover and Union street occupied by Henry C. Holmes. Cause, children playing with matches. Damage small.

June 5.—Slight blaze in store of T. H. Soule, jr., Main street. No alarm.

August 4.—Slight fire in house of William P. Sandbury, Union street.

August 30.—False alarm.

1880.—February 17.—A slight blaze at Sea Foam House, Wauwinet. Damage, \$50.

August 3.—A fire in cottage of Rev. W. H. Fish, at the Cliff. Loss slight.

November 3.—Railroad ties. No alarm.

1881.—January 18.—Polpis School House. Supposed incendiary. Value of building, \$1000.

1881.—January 28.—Carl house near asylum, totally destroyed.

1882.—February 19.—Slight fire in house of Charles O'Conor caused by defective flue. No alarm.

May 4.—Massachusetts Humane Society's building, Coskata. Took fire from burning beach grass. Totally destroyed. Loss \$500.

1882.—August 31.—Alarm sounded 2 a. m. Burned roof of Hall house, East Chestnut street. Damage about \$500. Hydrants used first time, with a direct pressure seven minutes after alarm was given. Defective chimney.

1883.—Alarm at midnight caused by bonfire outside town limits.

July 5.—Alarm 10.58 p. m. Barn of F. J. Crosby. Entirely destroyed.

November 28.—Simmons' blacksmith shop. Caused by spark from chimney.

1884.—January 25.—Fire in M. F. Coleman's store, Centre street. Loss slight.

March 31.—Alarm at 12.05 a. m. Scow at Straight wharf, loaded with lime for Nantucket Hotel.

August 9.—Walker house, Sconset, at 6.30 p. m. Inside considerably burned. Loss \$500. Baptism of this department.

1885.—June 22.—Hayden's Bath House. Defective chimney.

July 3.—1.30 a. m. Caused by bonfire at Brant point.

October 13.—9.30 a. m., W. H. H. Smith's stable. Caused by hot ashes being emptied into the street and spark blowing on to roof. Loss slight.

December 21.—12.55 p. m. Charles McCann's house. Defective chimney.

1886.—July 5.—12 m. Caused by firecrackers at Ann Swain's, Centre street. Roof burned slightly.

August 3.—A false alarm caused by blazing pine cones in a fireplace at George G. Fish's house, Broad street.

November 3.—Charles E. Hayden's bath house, Clean Shore. Incendiary.

November 6.—Fire in chimney on Sarah Swain's house, corner Centre and Hussey streets. No alarm.

1887.—February 28.—The alarm was occasioned by a slight blaze in a hen house belonging to M. F. Freeborn on Milk street. Small damage.

1888.—January 29.—Barn belonging to James Collins estate near Prospect Hill Cemetery. Totally destroyed. Incendiary.

February 23.—Mission School, Orange street. Slight blaze. Incendiary.

1889.—October 1.—Mary Spicer dwelling, North Liberty street. Incendiary. Damage \$275.

December 27.—U. S. Lifesaving Station at Muskeget. Defective chimney. Loss \$500.

1890.—February 20.—George W. Flagg house, Academy hill. Defective fire place. Slight damage.

March 20.—John Winn house. Defective chimney. Damage \$15.

July 12.—Nantucket Hotel. Defective chimney. Damage \$100.

December 30.—James A. Holmes' house, Mt. Vernon street. Defective chimney. Damage slight.

1891.—February 4.—Alarm caused by explosion of lamp in Dr. C. D. Marsh's house, Main street, at 8.15 p. m. No damage.

February 25.—Upper part of house of Mrs. A. M. Joy, near Prospect street. Damage \$300.

August 23.—Barn on O'Connell farm struck by lightning about midnight. Totally destroyed.

1892.—June 16.—Sea Cliff Inn. Caused by a pot of fat igniting in the kitchen. Damage slight.

August 10.—Grass in the house yard of Benjamin F. Taylor. Slight damage to house.

August 21.—House of John R. Sandsbury on the north side of Tuckernuck, burned to the ground.

1893.—May 31.—John Harps' grocery store. Cause unknown. Loss, \$100.

September 5.—House of Madeline C. Mixter. Accidental. Damage, \$25.

1894.—February 23.—Sparks from chimney of North Church vestry. Quickly subdued. No general alarm.

March 31.—Two gunning houses on the island of Muskeget. Totally destroyed. Supposed incendiary.

May 17.—Pump house connected to house of Mrs. Jane Starbuck, New Mill street. No alarm.

August 21.—Sea cliff Inn. Caused by a pot of fat igniting in the kitchen. One horse perished. Loss, \$1800.

June 5.—False alarm caused by burning stubble.

September 2.—Springfield House Annex, North Water street. Damage, \$500. September 11.—Blaze on roof of house occupied by Frank Nickerson, Orange street.

December 22.—Alarm caused by fire in store occupied by E. H. Swan, Centre street. Cause, defective flue. Loss on stock, \$60. Building, \$250.

August 31.—Grain warehouse of Capt. W. T. Swain, Straight wharf. Bushels of corn damaged. About 350 bushels of steam fire engine set fire to W. F. Codd's building, but was put out without any damage.

MARCH 13, 1897.

Interesting Figures.

The general comment on the serious condition of some of our streets has suggested the compilation of the following statement of amounts expended on highways for the period of twenty years ending December 31, 1896. The figures represent the expenditures on the roadways, exclusive of sidewalks, excepting possibly one or two years. The question they suggest is, would the town have more to show for the outlay had it raised the total sum of \$68,000 (in round numbers), at that time, creating a bonded debt, and invested it in the building of permanent roads? A suggestion of the kind in 1877 would probably have been a startling one; but now as we review the outcome, it is certainly pertinent to ask if the conditions must not have been more satisfactory under the bonded investment plan.

Even the minimum result from such an expenditure for permanent roads could not have yielded less than two miles of excellent thoroughfare.

Would that not be more desirable than what has obtained under the system the town has adopted?

Would taxation have been increased?

The lesson to be studied, as indicated by the figures is, whether we should hereafter give our attention to permanency in road work, at the expense of amount of ground covered, or be content with the annoying temporary work we have done in the two decades just closed.

Here are the figures:

1877.	General repairs.....	\$500 00
1878.	General repairs.....	\$550 00
1879.	General repairs.....	\$700 00
1880.	General repairs.....	\$750 00
1881.	General repairs.....	\$500 00
1882.	General repairs.....	\$1,519 00
1883.	General repairs.....	\$500 00
Repairs on Gay and West-		
minster streets.....	1,184 00	
		\$1,684 00
1884.	General repairs.....	\$1,000 00
Rebuilding Polpis road....	4,350 64	
Repairs on Easton street... 1,000 00		
Siasconset road from Broad-		
way to Philip's run.... 1,000 00		
Siasconset road—repairs... 500 00		
		\$7,850 64

23

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1885.	General repairs.....	\$3,000 00
1886.	General repairs.....	\$3,404 00
Polpis road extension.....	3,575 88	
Cliff road.....	500 00	
Crossing Chester and West		
Centre streets.....	50 00	
Crossing Main and Orange		
streets.....	50 00	
		\$7,579 88
1887.	General repairs.....	\$1,500 00
Repairs Quince and West-		
minster streets.....	362 51	
		\$1,862 51
1888.	General repairs.....	\$1,500 00
Main street road to West-		
ern Shearpen Hill..... 1,989 22		
North Shore road..... 500 00		
Polpis road..... 500 00		
Mile Stone road..... 415 63		
Wauwinet road..... 300 00		
Hussey street..... 250 00		
Gully road..... 50 00		
		\$5,504 85
1889.	General repairs.....	\$1,500 00
Shearpen Hill road..... 150 90		
Draining Pearl and North		
Liberty streets..... 577 17		
North Shore road..... 500 00		
Polpis road..... 500 00		
Mile stone road..... 500 00		
Wauwinet road..... 300 00		
Brant Point road..... 100 00		
Beach street..... 200 00		
Main street..... 3,300 00		
		\$7,627 17
1890.	General repairs.....	\$2,950 00
Beach street..... 300 00		
Walsh street..... 200 00		
		\$3,450 00
1891.	General repairs.....	\$5,500 00
Broad street..... 2,000 00		
North street..... 200 00		
		\$7,700 00
1892.	General repairs.....	\$1,500 00
Shearpen Hill and Gut.... 400 00		
Pine street..... 475 00		
Polpis road..... 500 00		
Milestone road..... 500 00		
Wauwinet road..... 100 00		
Quidnet road..... 100 00		
Monomoy road..... 100 00		
Easton street..... 475 00		
North street extension.... 300 00		
North Beach street..... 100 00		
		\$4,550 00
1893.	General repairs.....	\$1,563 00
Shearpen Hill extension.... 600 00		
Orange street..... 1,000 00		
Fair street..... 600 00		
Austin Farm road..... 375 00		
Polpis road..... 397 58		
North street extension.... 260 00		
New street..... 577 00		
YORK street..... 91 65		
		\$5,464 23
1894.	General repairs.....	\$1,875 00
1895.	General repairs.....	\$2,000 00
North Water street..... 78 70		
Crossing Centre and Pearl..... 353 00		
		\$2,431 70
1896.	General repairs.....	\$1,000 00
Total for twenty years.....		\$68,098 98

MAY BE RICHER THAN CALUMET

9
AID OUT.

cct's Total.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]
HOUGHTON, Mich., Feb. 23, 1906.
James D. Hague of New York today bought of the Sheldon and Douglass estate 240 acres of land in sections 25 and 26 east and south of Calumet, at a price of \$500 per acre, half cash, balance on contract. It is thought that E. J. Hurlbut, discoverer of the Calumet and Hecla and now a resident of Rome, is interested, and it is surmised that this tract may contain Hurlbut's "Tomehawk" lode, said by him to be richer than the Calumet conglomerate.

102 92

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72 57 91 204 33 27 30

27 30

81 118 87 18 75

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27 1906. January.

High School Graduation.

Twelve girls and four boys, representing the class of 1906 of the Nantucket High School, received diplomas at the graduating exercises held in Atheneum hall, Thursday evening, and the throng of townspeople who gathered to listen to their essays were unanimous in the opinion that each and every member of the class richly deserved the testimonials on the completion of their school work. The exercises were excellent throughout, the essays being most interesting and delivered without a falter, while the music brought forth much commendation from the audience.

The hall was packed to the doors (many persons being unable to gain admittance), and when the curtain rose with the graduates and teachers grouped on the stage, there was a spontaneous burst of applause. Prayer was offered by the Rev. F. W. Manning, after which the exercises were as follows:

Song, "Our Public School," by the school; Salutatory and Essay, "The Rise of Our Public Schools," by Isabel Winslow Joy; Essay, "Does the United States Need a Larger Navy?" by Harry Manter; Solo, "The Bells of Seville," by Miss Bridge; Essay, "The School World," by Esther May Whelden; Essay, "Games, Ancient and Modern," by Mary Folger Marks; Quartett, "Joys of Spring," by Misses Amy Sneider, Maud Thomas, Mary Brock and Alice Coleman; Essay, "Wireless Telegraphy," by Charles Ferdinand Brooks; Essay, "Nantucket One Hundred Years Hence," by Viola Collins Wilkes; Essay, "Books and Their Values," by Eleanor Gertrude Thurston; "Commencement Song," by the school; Essay, "The Progress of Japan in a Half Century," by Grover Cleveland Coffin; Essay, "Old Songs," by Eda May Coleman; Class History, by Maud Richards Shaw; Essay, "Memories of School Days," by Pearl Estelle Coleman; Music, "Over the Sea," by a mixed chorus; Essay, "A Girl's Opportunities After Leaving School," by Mary Macy Riddell; Essay, "Harbor Improvements at Nantucket," by Charles Coffin Hammond; Essay, "Work That is Worth Doing," by Harriet Crosby Williams; Song, "The Call to Arms," by the school Class Prophecy, by Cora Stevens; Essay and Valedictory, "Nantucket in the Whaling Days," by Clara Louise Bowen.

Miss Thurston being unable to attend owing to death in the family, her essay was read by Miss Sarah Fisher.

Before awarding the diplomas, Arthur H. Gardner, chairman of the school board, stated that in all probability this was the last time the graduating exercises would be held in mid-winter, the board having decided to change the opening of the school year until the autumn term, which will bring the graduation about the last of June. This change was found advisable, owing to the inability in the winter season to secure a heated auditorium large enough to accommodate all who desire to attend. If the exercises are held at the close of the summer term, one of the large churches will probably be available for the purpose. Mr. Gardner's remarks to the graduates were brief and to the point, and the exercises closed with the class song, "With Songs of Triumph."

The class roster was as follows:
Classical Course—Eda May Coleman, Isabel Winslow Joy.

Commercial Course—Charles Ferdinand Brooks, Charles Coffin Hammond, Harry Manter, Mary Folger Marks, Mary Macy Riddell, Maud Richards Shaw, Eleanor Gertrude Thurston, Cora Stevens, Esther May Whelden.

General Course—Clara Louise Bowen, Grover Cleveland Coffin, Pearl Estelle Coleman, Viola Collins Wilkes, Harriet Crosby Williams.

OF May 18 89

BILLS PAYABLE.

0 Whom. Dolls. Cts.

MEMORANDA.

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One-half number 204 33

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SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 3, 1906

OLDEST RESIDENT DEAD.

Robert P. Pitman, the Nestor of Nantucket's Male Population, Passes Peacefully to Rest.

After only a brief illness that had its inception in an ordinary cold, Robert P. Pitman succumbed to the attack and died peacefully at his home on Plumb lane at an early hour Wednesday morning, his immediate family being at his bedside to minister to his final wants.

Uncle Robert, as he was familiarly known, was the oldest male resident of the island, if not the oldest resident, and exemplified in an unmistakable manner a representative type of his generation. With mind clear and active, and physical powers but slightly dimmed, he had moved in our midst with surprising vigor, and taken deep interest in everything going on about him. If an automobile appeared, Uncle Robert was ready to "get aboard" for a short cruise. If yacht, or schooner, or barge, or dredger, or anything he had never before seen entered the harbor, Uncle Robert never refused an invitation to go on board. He observed, and talked entertainingly of what he saw. He read, and discussed intelligently what he had learned. He was a sterling citizen, and the community will miss him.

He was born October 14, 1811. Like most of those contemporary with him, his early life was spent on the

sea. At the age of 11 years he made his first trip on a packet running between this port and Albany, his wages for the season's work being a barrel of flour. He continued this life until he was large enough to get a berth on a whaler, and made his first voyage for oil in the ship Spartan, with Capt. William Pitman, father of Dr. B. F. Pitman. Voyage after voyage he continued in the Spartan until he trod the quarter-deck as mate, subsequently sailing as first officer on ships Charles Carroll, with Capt. Josiah C. Long, and Henry Clay, Capt. Edward C. Austin, closing his sea life in the late 40's, having been over thirty years on the ocean. On retiring from the sea, he purchased of Capt. Stephen B. Gibbs (whose death we record to-day, and who was about three months his senior) the property on Bunker Hill, Siasconset, where he followed farming and fishing until within about a dozen years, when he gave over to his son the place and purchased the Alexander Swain property on Plumb lane, where he and his wife resided until Death stepped in a few years ago to separate them.

Mr. Pitman married Elizabeth M. Barnard, and two sons were born to them, one of whom, Samuel P. Pitman, survives.

DIED.

At 5 Park Vale, Brookline, 24th ult., suddenly, Adeline, widow of the late Edward H. Holbrook.

In this town, 28th ult., Robert P. Pitman, aged 94 years, 4 months, 14 days.

In Middleboro, 25th ult., Stephen B. Gibbs, formerly of Nantucket, and brother of James H. Gibbs, aged 94 years, 7 months.

James A. Backus of the Wauwinet House, is planning to erect an addition to the hotel, with the view of increasing the comfort of patrons. The extension will include a parlor and a few lodging rooms.

A bunch of rareripes grown from the seed in the garden of Mrs. Elizabeth H. Coffin, Traders lane, since the ground was cleared in the fall, was sent to us Tuesday as a sample of several patches of the same succulent vegetable growing there, and as pointing to the extreme mildness of the winter.

There will be divine worship at the Summer street Baptist church, Sunday, with preaching by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Selinger. Subject for the morning discourse, "A Strange Sight," the service to be followed by communion. In the evening the second number in the series of talks on our Saviour, will be given, "The Forgiving Saviour—Today in Paradise."

The blizzard which developed shortly after midnight Tuesday brought the second snowfall of the winter, and Wednesday morning dawned with the ground covered with a heavy white mantle and a sixty-mile gale which kept steamer Nantucket at her dock. The storm was accompanied by biting cold which increased Wednesday night, the instruments at the weather bureau recording a drop to 10.8 degrees. As the gale still continued the steamer did not put out Thursday, but she was able to leave at the usual hour yesterday.

One of our business men on Thursday accepted an invitation over the telephone to take dinner at a hotel, supposing the host to be a well-known traveling man who comes to the island; and agreed to meet the latter at his store at 12.15. The b. m. hurried home early, arrayed himself in fine clothes and immaculate linen, and hied himself back to the store with anticipations of a royal repast. He waited. No t. m. appeared. He "tumbled" and went to his own table. The t. m. had not been here for a month. The joker kept shy.

A rather exciting yet amusing episode was witnessed through a glass from the tower lookout one day recently, in which an angry bull and a heavy-weight fisherman were the principal features. "Dick" was crossing a lot near Tashama farm to attend to some nets, and evidently did not notice the presence of the bull until the latter was too close for comfort. The spectacle as he hustled on the double-quick for a nearby fence was rather amusing to the eye-witnesses but not for the gentleman himself, and when he endeavored to crawl between the rails of the fence and found his body larger than the opening it looked as though the bull would make trouble. Hastily releasing himself however Dick succeeded in mounting the top rail and fell over with a thud into safety with his pursuer angrily snorting and pawing the ground on the opposite side of the fence. The incident will go down in history as another of this genial fisherman's "narrow escapes."

ID OUT.

ct's Total.

10 71

31 57

2 05

0 89 65

3 1 36 08

2 0 13 20

25 90

8 49 10

2 61 34

3 46 6 63

4 36

0 60 9 28

25 29

0 90 43

7 63 27

8 71

2 10 4 48

2 32 4 17

0 3 1 0 3

18 93

0 20 4 0 9

3 6 0 2 1

6 68

8 4 80

5 34

4 8 28

23 85 98

MARCH 3, 1906

MARCH 3, 1906

The Inquirer and Mirror

PUBLISHED BY
ROLAND B. HUSSEY
EVERY Saturday Morning
FOLGER BLOCK, NANTUCKET
TERMS: \$2.00 per Year.
Entered at P. O. as second-class matter.

Repairs have been commenced on Old South wharf.

Schooner George Edwin is en route with a cargo of coal for the Cash Coal Company.

Catboat Nestor, formerly belonging to Edward F. Snow, has been purchased by Samuel R. Burchell.

The John Spankalina, which has been on the ways for repairs, was launched on Friday week and towed over to Steamboat wharf, where she commenced work Monday unloading the coal barge.

The Tuckernuck fishermen have discovered a bed of scallops near that island which gives promise of yielding a rich harvest at the time when the Nantucket beds are about depleted and the quotations touching \$4.00 per gallon.

The price of fresh cod fish in the city markets has dropped so low that the Nantucket fishermen find it unprofitable to make any shipments. Steamer Waquoit has stopped work, as at the low prices the crew could hardly make day wages. The last shipment which they sent to the mainland netted only \$19 for twelve barrels. Pollock, however, are well up in price, bringing two and three times as much as cod; but pollock are not plentiful at present.

Nantucket South Shoals lightship, No. 71, broke adrift from her station during the gale of Friday week, and for three days made ineffectual attempts to pick up the mooring buoys. At one time the lightship was swept twenty miles southwest of the station, but as she was under steam did not need assistance, and on Sunday anchored on Phelps Bank, a number of miles north of the station, but owing to thick weather and a rough sea did not reach her proper mooring until Monday. The accident occurred through the breaking of the anchor chain below the water line.

Steamer Nantucket went across to Vineyard Haven, Sunday morning, where she took in tow the barge George Hughes, loaded with 476 tons of coal for the Steamboat company. A quick passage was made across the sound, the steamer arriving here with her tow shortly after the noon hour. This was the largest single cargo of coal ever brought into this port, one of the results of the new channel entrance to the harbor. The Hughes was drawing over 12½ feet of water, and just after she rounded Brant point, the steamer cast off the line, allowing the barge to shoot up to the wharf under her own headway, and but for the prompt action of her crew in dropping the anchor she would doubtless have collided with the pier, so heavy was her momentum. A large crowd of spectators was gathered on the dock watching the maneuvers, and when it was desired to haul the stern of the barge up to her berth, about fifty men and boys took hold of the hawser and did the job without further ceremony. The Hughes is an iron barge with a capacity of about 700 tons, and was originally built for a blockade-runner. By the employment of a barge to bring its coal supply to Nantucket, the Steamboat company is able to save about \$200 on a cargo, the freight rates for barge service being much less than those of schooners. The company evidently apprehends a coal strike and has enlarged its coal bins on the wharf to accommodate the extra supply which is being stored there.

Notes From The Water Front

76 92 129
41 26 43
52 11 41
36 89 63
35 44 68
45 53 123

40 35 81
34 24 91
40 37 68
28 44 61
61 19 131
43 01 95

39 13 10
37 36 71
26 75 71
49 48 24

Personal.

Miss May Clisby is away for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot B. Harris came home Saturday for a short visit.

Miss Lizzie M. Ray left Monday for a visit with friends in New Bedford.

Mrs Mary Luce was among the passengers from the island Monday morning.

Edward P. Tice left yesterday to resume his duties with Barnum & Bailey's show, after passing a pleasant winter at his home in Nantucket.

The Bartlesville, I. T., Enterprise says that "T. G. Macy of New York city, of the Sterling Oil company with production in the Osage, is in the city looking after business interests.

Congressman Wm. S. Greene, who has been home from Washington for the past few days, has definitely announced that he will be a candidate for re-election this fall.

Capt. Parker J. Hall, of schooner Angler, has gone to Tuckernuck to engage in spearing eels, and during his absence Mrs. Hall is visiting the family of Keeper Dolby at the Cliff lighthouse.

Mr. William Barnes, senior, has written a letter to the Brooklyn Times from his home at Nantucket, defending the memory of Thurlow Weed, and contracting statements published in the Brooklyn Eagle concerning his own appointment as the first superintendent of insurance in New York, a position which he held for ten years.

The Rev. M. J. Talbot, pastor of the Centre street Methodist Episcopal church at Nantucket in the early fifties of the last century, celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary in Providence, last Sunday, by preaching a sermon in the Mattheson street church. His subject was "Dangers and Safety of Old Age." Mr. Talbot has been a preacher over 60 years and is yet hale and active.

The Rev. John J. Phelan, of New Bedford, came to the island Tuesday to officiate at the wedding of his brother, Elliot H. Sylvia, which occurred that evening. Rev. Mr. Phelan intended to return Wednesday, but owing to the adverse weather conditions, and consequent non-departure of the steamer, he could not get away until yesterday morning. We understand that our young townsman is doing a very successful work in his New Bedford pastorate.

Horace P. Coffin will leave here Monday for Baltimore, where he expects to engage in business. He returned to the island several years ago in poor health and engaged in farming, but has within a few weeks relinquished that business, and no opening presenting itself here, he feels compelled to accept a proposition from Baltimore. Mr. Coffin is probably one of the most expert accountants the island has produced, and has qualifications to work in a wider field than Nantucket affords.

1889

MEMORANDA.

THE INQUIRER.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848.

WHIG NOMINATION.

FOR PRESIDENT.

ZACHARY TAYLOR.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

MILLARD FILLMORE.

TERMS OF THE INQUIRER.

The Tri-Weekly Inquirer will be issued on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at \$3.00 per year, in advance; \$3.50 if payment is delayed six months; or \$4.00 at the end of the year.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH has come and gone, and the accounts from abroad show that it was celebrated throughout the country, with a unitedness and enthusiasm scarcely before equalled.—The calmly courageous statesmen and patriots, who, seventy-two years ago, signed the immortal Declaration of Independence, have indeed all gone down to the grave, and of the thousands of true-hearted and strong-armed men, who toiled and bled and suffered through a seven years' war, to make that declaration good, there is left among us but a feeble, bowed and white-haired remnant; yet in the hearts of their children the fire of liberty still burns undimmed, and on the annual recurrence of the nation's birthday, the thronging millions of our broad republic still delight to gather together with one heart and one mind, to return thanks to Almighty God for the good gifts He has bestowed upon them with an unsparing hand, and to give renewed utterance to their ever-living gratitude to those who were willing to suffer, to die even, that those who were to come after them might enjoy, in all their fullness, the priceless blessings of political and civil liberty. The Fourth of July is as dear to the children as it was to the Fathers; the confirmation which time has given to the truth of the great principles of liberty and equality which they proclaimed, has, if anything, rather tended to increase the popular regard for the day on which those principles were promulgated.

But we did not set out to write a Fourth of July Oration; our object is far humbler than that—to give an outline of the celebration in this place; and to that we will proceed at once.

The weather was glorious—a bright sun, clear, bracing air, and a cool, invigorating breeze from the West, made the day all that the most unreasonable could have asked. The rain, which only ceased the evening before, had laid all the dust, and at Nantucket, in the Summer, it is never muddy in pleasant weather.

The day was ushered in with the ringing of bells and the roaring of cannon, which were repeated at sunset.

About half-past ten, the Massachusetts arrived from New Bedford, literally loaded down with passengers. Among them were two Engine Companies—No. 7 and No. 9—with a band of music, invited by the members of the Fire Department of this place,—and a large delegation of Odd Fellows. In addition to these, there was a multitude of visitors—ladies and gentlemen—who came on their own account. The steamer brought more than a hundred passengers the day before, together with a band of music from Fall River; and friends from the Cape came over in numbers sufficient to load two or three vessels. We are sure that we speak within bounds, when we say that more than a thousand people from abroad spent the day with us. So many strangers were never here at one time before.

At eleven o'clock the procession began to form, surrounded by a multitude of spectators. The large square was full of people, and the windows of all the neighboring buildings were crowded with ladies and children. It seemed as if the entire population of the town were out to take part in the celebration. Overhead, lines of gay flags, suspended across the street, were waving in the breeze; and in the square itself, the bright colors of the uniforms of the engine companies, the splendid regalia of the Free Masons and Odd Fellows, the banners of the different divisions of the procession,—all of them appropriate, and some very beautiful,—the military regularity with which every movement was conducted, the en-

livening strains of martial music, and the happy faces of the dense crowds of spectators, constituted altogether, a scene far more gay and animated than the sun ever before looked down upon in his travels over our generally quiet and soberly disposed town.

The procession moved from the square about half-past twelve, under the direction of Edward M. Gardner, Esq., Chief Marshal, assisted by Messrs. John Morrissey, William Westgate, Samuel Fisher and John Morrow. It was large, and made a very fine appearance. There was no part of it that we looked upon with more gratification, as it filed off from the square, than the cold water army, which brought up the rear nearly three hundred strong, under the immediate direction of a delegation of the Sons of Temperance. The boys composing it were most of them in uniform, and the different sections were furnished with neat and appropriate banners. It is true, their movements were not so regular as those of the other parts of the procession, but on the whole they acquitted themselves very creditably, and were evidently so much gratified, that the spectators could not help sympathizing in their happiness.

The procession passed through the several streets previously designated, to the First Congregational Church, where they arrived about two o'clock.—The exercises there were commenced with a voluntary on the organ, by Avery T. Allen, Esq. A prayer was then offered by Rev. Mr. Jeffery, of the Baptist Church, followed by a hymn sung by the choir. This being concluded, the Declaration of Independence was read by Francis M. Mitchell, Esq., who "acquitted himself very handsomely, pronouncing the language of the immortal document with a clear, distinct voice, which could be easily heard in every part of the church."

An ode written for the occasion, to the air of the "Star-Spangled Banner," was then sung in the most masterly manner, by Mr. Squires, the celebrated vocalist. The whole audience appeared electrified; for the moment, we are sure that every heart beat warm and high with emotions of patriotic pride. We subjoin the ode, which was written, we are informed, by the Chief Marshal of the day:—

ODE.

When the despot's dark rod o'er our nation was borne,
And the hearts of our Fathers in sorrow were bleeding;
When our Charter of Freedom was trampled and torn,
And Britain's proud lords on our substance were feeding;

Then an echo burst forth with its deep thrilling sound,

That will roll on in grandeur to time's latest bound,

"O the shrine of our Freedom no tyrant shall mar

While our flag has a stripe, or its field bears a star."

The grand fearless men that our destiny wove,

Are silent and still as the calm waveless ocean;

But their names we revere, their cold ashes we love,

And each year we will sing of their lofty devotion:

There will spring from old thrones, as they totter and fall,

New flowers to be spread o'er the Patriot's pall;

"And the shrine of our Freedom no tyrant shall mar

While our flag has a stripe, or its field bears a star."

Our star, as it shines in the heavens' blue dome,

Shall light up a path to the pilgrim that's sighing;

It shall glisten and burn o'er a lovelier home,

For the worn and the weary, where'er they are dying;

And their hearts shall grow strong as its pure silver light

Shall burst through the gloom of old Monarchy's night,

"For the shrine of our Freedom no tyrant shall mar

While our flag has a stripe, or its field bears a star."

When our banner shall wave on that far Ocean shore;

When the beautiful West with its myriads is teeming;

O'er the soft sunny South when our Eagle shall soar,

And Utawa's bright vales in our sunlight are gleaming;

What peaces shall swell to the God of the free;

What anthems of joy roll from sea on to sea;

"For the shrine of our Freedom no tyrant shall mar

While our flag has a stripe, or its field bears a star."

After the singing of the ode, an elaborate oration, appropriate to the occasion, was delivered by Charles Bunker, Esq. As soon as he had concluded, an anthem was sung by the choir, and the services were closed with a prayer and benediction, by Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, of the Methodist Church.

The procession was then re-formed, and proceeded through Centre and Orange streets, to a spacious tent about one hundred and fifty feet long, which had been erected on the southern edge of the town, where a fine dinner was served up under the direction of a Committee of Arrangements, of which Charles Wood, Esq., was Chairman. Five or six hundred persons sat down to the tables. Among the guests were several officers of the United States Navy, connected with the Coast Survey.

The Chief Marshal presided at the dinner, and a blessing was asked by the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy.—The company, whose appetites had been considerably sharpened by a long walk and long abstinence, therupon proceeded to do ample justice to the inviting repast before them, and after their physical wants had been duly satisfied, S. B. Tuck, Esq., Toast Master for the day, rose and proposed the following regular toasts, which were enthusiastically responded to by the company, and between the reading of which there was music by the band:—

1. The Day we celebrate.—The sun of that day will never set.

2. George Washington.—The Father of our Country and the Father of our love.

3. The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Their names are written in immortal light.

4. The Heroes of the Revolution.—Their persons have faded from our sight, their memories will ever live in our recollection.

5. The Constitution.—If Southern feelings nullify it, Northern truth will illustrate and sustain it.

6. The President of the United States.

7. The State of Massachusetts.—Right side up always.

8. The Free States of our Country.

9. All the States of our Country, always Free.

10. The Ordinance of 1787.—Revised and perpetuated in 1848 throughout our Country.

11. Nantucket.—Her farms upon the Ocean wave, her treasures in the deep.

12. The Fair Sex.—Our mothers.—At their knee we learned the lesson of love to their daughters.

13. The Orator of the Day.

The thirteenth regular toast was responded to, in a short and eloquent speech, by Charles Bunker, Esq., the orator of the day, who concluded with the following sentiment:—

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.—The Motto of France, may they be the principles of America.

Many volunteer toasts were then given, of which we have only been able to collect the following:—

The Army and the Navy.

This toast was briefly and pertinently responded to by Lieut. Biddle, of the U. S. Navy, who gave the following:—

The Enterprise of New England.

By a member of the Odd Fellows' Society:—

Acushnet Lodge of Odd Fellows.—Honored and beloved by Nantucket Lodge as a parent.

This brought up Hiram Webb, Esq., of New Bedford, who made a short and humorous speech, which elicited great applause. He also gave a sentiment:—

Nantucket.—The bright gem of the ocean; full of hospitality—full of good fellowship—full of Odd Fellowship.

The following toast was then given, for the purpose of drawing out some remarks from the widely celebrated Colonel Hatch:—

Colonel Hatch.—Expressly known from Dan to Beersheba.

The Colonel, always prompt at the call of duty, was on his feet in an instant, and he fairly out did himself. For a few moments he poured forth a strain of genuine patriotic eloquence, warm from the heart, which elicited the most rapturous applause. He concluded with the following truly characteristic sentiment:—

The Declaration of Independence.—The Title-Deed of our Liberties.—Squire Jefferson wrote it, Congress signed it, the world witnessed it, the people acknowledged it, and it was recorded upon the hearts of Americans.

By a gentleman:—

The products of Nantucket—Oil, Wool, and Pretty Women.—The oil to light us, the wool to warm us, and the pretty women to do both.

F. Seabury, Esq., of New Bedford, then offered a sentiment, the words of which we do not exactly remember, but which was substantially as follows:—

The Mothers of Nantucket—May they be as prolific as the Committee of Arrangements have been liberal in providing this repast.

The following was responded to by J. A. Kasson, Esq., of New Bedford, in a series of remarks exceedingly pithy and well conceived:—

The Star of the East Lodge, of New Bedford.

Mr. Kasson concluded his remarks with something like the following sentiment:—

Our Country—Whether bounded by oceans, rivers or mountains,—by 54° 40' or 49°,—our country still—God bless her.

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By Colonel Hatch:

The Ladies of Nantucket—Were another Abraham to send his servant to seek a wife for his son, where would he sooner come than to the wells of Nantucket!

"The Fire Companies of New Bedford," was responded to by Capt. Seth Russell, of Engine Company, No. 7, of New Bedford, who gave a sentiment, a copy of which we could not obtain.

Mr. Squires being then called upon for a song, gave, in a most spirited and capital style, the song entitled "Red, White and Blue," which was received with general and long-continued applause.

"The Schools of Nantucket" was handsomely responded to by our townsmen, George H. Folger, Esq.

"The President of the Day," called out Mr. Gardner, who made an excellent off-hand speech, concluding with the following sentiment:

The City of New Bedford—A child of Nantucket—We feel the same joy at her prosperity that a kind parent always feels at the birth of a famous and beloved child.

It being then officially announced that there was no more business upon the table, the company retired about 6 o'clock, with loud and alternate cheers for Nantucket and New Bedford.

The evening performances commenced about half-past eight, with a torch-light procession, which was the most beautiful we ever saw. It proceeded, accompanied by the two bands of music, down Orange street to the ground selected for the display of fire-works, where a variety of very brilliant evolutions were performed. The fire-works went off in first rate style, and gave general satisfaction. When the last rocket had been fired, the procession re-formed and returned to the square, where it was dismissed.

The ball at Pantheon Hall, which was the concluding entertainment of the day, was opened with great spirit,—just as if nobody was weary,—not far from midnight, and the dancing was kept up, we don't know how many hours into the day after the Fourth. It seemed as if the people were so hungry and thirsty after enjoyment, that they could not be satisfied.

On the 5th., the Massachusetts made two trips to New Bedford, leaving here at four in the morning and at three in the afternoon—both times well loaded with passengers. The two bands and the New Bedford engine companies remained until the afternoon trip. About half-past two, a procession consisting of the New Bedford and Nantucket companies, was formed on the square, which proceeded to the boat, where the Nantucket firemen took leave of their guests with repeated cheers, which were warmly responded to from on board the boat. This was the last wave of the celebration; before sunset the flags across the street were all down, and by evening our town had become as quiet and sober-looking as ever.

We have had but little experience in Fourth of July celebrations abroad, but we are sure that none ever went off more pleasantly and satisfactorily to all concerned, than this, the first one ever undertaken upon a scale of any magnitude, at Nantucket. Throughout, the most perfect order prevailed, there was scarcely any intoxication, and we doubt whether a hard look was given or a harsh word spoken during the day. We know that our people enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and we have the best of reasons for believing that those who dropped in upon us from abroad, returned to their homes highly gratified with our place and people, and with the entertainment provided for them.—We trust that all of them will look back with so much pleasure to the Fourth which they spent at Nantucket, that they will be desirous of visiting us again.

TAX NOTICE.

THE COLLECTOR hereby gives notice, that he has this day received from the Assessors of the Town of Nantucket, the Tax Book for 1848. A discount of five per cent will be allowed to all who voluntarily pay their Taxes within forty-five days from this date.

CHARLES P. SWAIN,
Collector of Taxes.

Office, Town's Building, adjoining the Registry of Deeds.
Nantucket, June 22d, 1848.

THE COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NANTUCKET, with a Capital of

\$55,000

securely invested, are prepared to receive proposal for Marine Insurance, AND ISSUE CLEAN POLICIES for any amount not exceeding \$5,000 on any one risk.

All losses with this Company liberally adjusted and promptly settled.

HZEKIAH BARNARD, President.
A. J. MORTON, Sec'y. July 27th, 1847—tf.



NANTUCKET AND NEW BEDFORD STEAMBOAT ARRANGEMENT.

The well known commodious Steamer MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Lot Phinney, having been during the past winter extensively refitted, and put in excellent order in all respects, will commence her regular trips between Nantucket and New Bedford on Monday next, May 29th, as follows:

Leaves Nantucket on Monday and Saturday at 7 A.M., and on Tuesday and Thursday at 9:30 A.M. Leaves New Bedford on Monday and Saturday at 1 P.M., and on Wednesday and Friday at 9:30 A.M.

Passengers leaving New York by the afternoon boat for Stonington or Fall River and thence taking Railroad for New Bedford, can arrive at Nantucket by this Line on the following day, making the passage in 23 hours.

Passengers from Boston arrive at Nantucket in about 8 hours.

Returning, the Boat arrives in New Bedford in season for the afternoon train of cars for Boston, Providence and New York. The boat will leave passengers at Wood's Hole, and Holmes Hole.

All Goods, Bundles or Packages at the risk of the owners thereof. Packages of Bank Bills or Money, will not be received to be carried by the Company or their Agents.

Meals provided on board.

C. B. SWAIN, Agent.

N. B. The Packet Sloop Portugal, Capt. Luce, will leave on the intermediate days, wind and weather permitting. Nantucket, May 29th, 1848.

A BIG SNAKE EXCITEMENT.—Salem, (Mass.) the town of witches, is at present the scene of great excitement, on account of the "old serpent" himself. The ship Allen, Captain Williams, recently arrived from Africa, bringing a living monster Bon Constrictor, thirty feet in length! The morning of its arrival, sixty eggs were found in its cage, deposited in a single night, and weighing in aggregate seventy pounds! Upon breaking one of the eggs it was found to contain a lively young snake a foot long. Upon the news of this arrival reaching our city, an agent was dispatched to Salem by each of the exhibition proprietors.—The agent of Van Amburgh & Titus went by the way of New Haven, while Raymond & Waring's agent proceeded via Stonington, and Hitchcock, of Barnum's Museum, took the steamer "Bay State." Upon the arrival of this deputation of distinguished "showmen," the snake proprietor's idea became raised, and he demanded \$11,000 for the monster snake, declaring to exhibit himself unless his offer was accepted. The showmen were taken aback, and commenced telegraphing their principals the progress of their mission. At late account Van Amburgh's agent had offered \$7,000, and Mr. Hitchcock raised the bid to \$7,500 without effect. Captain Williams states that this monster serpent was taken by means of a heavy net made of ropes expressly for the purpose, and that it required the united strength of 126 negroes for more than seven hours to secure it!—N. Y. paper.

FRENCH GOODS—A Bargain.—A few days ago two Englishmen who went to Paris to pick up bargains, entered one of the largest silk warehouses in the capital, and, after looking over the stock of goods, which was a very excellent one, asked the proprietor how much he would take off the invoice price, if they would take the whole off his hands. The proprietor after consulting with his partner, spoke of five or ten per cent.; but the Englishmen stopped him at once by saying, that they would give him forty per cent. off the invoice price, and not one farthing more. The warehouseman was indignant at first, but the end of it was that necessity forced him to accede to the offer made, and the Englishmen got the goods at sixty per cent. below prime cost!—Liverpool Times.

The steamer Massachusetts must have done a great business during the past week. Besides the multitudes who visited us to participate in the festivities of the Fourth, a large number of Friends have been here to attend their quarterly meeting. The Boat, in her passages from this place since Tuesday last, has been literally loaded down. This is a strong argument in favor of low fares and frequent trips. In the way of travel it is frequently the case that the supply makes the demand.

The Supreme Judicial Court adjourned on Wednesday afternoon, having been actually in session only a few hours. No business of importance came before it. The case of P. H. Polger, Esq., against the Field Drivers, was carried up to the full Court upon an agreed statement of facts by the parties.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.—Not only did we have a glorious celebration here on the Fourth, but between 10 in the morning and 9 in the evening, four whale ships anchored at our bar, a circumstance which never before occurred within the range of our recollection.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Jeffery, Mr. Benjamin S. Catheart, to Miss Emily F., daughter of Mr. Baily Cornish.

In this town, on Thursday evening last, by George C. Esq., Mr. Joseph S. Barney, to Miss Malinda Swain, daughter of Capt. Obed B. Swain. Our thanks are due to the happy couple for an acceptable token of remembrance.

DEATHS.

In Providence, on Tuesday, 4th inst., of consumption, Harriet Rebecca, eldest daughter of Samuel S. Salisbury, in her twelfth year.

Lost overboard, from ship Christopher Mitchell, of this port, May 28, 1848, Mr. Charles Richie, of this town, aged about 25.

MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

Tuesday, July 4th,

ARRIVED.

(At the Bar) ship Christopher Mitchell, Ackley, Pacific Ocean, with 1600 bbls sperm oil on board, to C. Mitchell & Co., seal home 200 sp and 150 wh on the voyage. Spoke Nov 15th, lat 36 S, lon 156 E, ship Alpha, Folger, Nant, 700 sp; 18th, lat 36 S, lon 158 E, Mercator, Sanford, N. Bedford, 400 sp; 30th, lat 36 S, lon 158 E, Lagrange, Dexter, FH, 500 sp and wh; Dec 8, lat 36 S, lon 158 E, Ocean, Almy, NB, 1600 sp (reptd Sept 2, 1050 sp 650 wh); Jan 1, lat 36 S, lon 167 E, Narragansett, Rogers, Nant, 700 sp. At Mangamui, NZ, Jan 24, lat 20 S, lon 178 E, Henry Astor, Coffin, Nant, 1600 sp; 21st, same lat and lon, London Packet, Howland, NB, 1250 sp 200 wh, for home soon. Touched at Sunday Island, Mch 7, ship Cambria, Hardling, NB, 700 sp bound to the line; Jefferson, Smith, SH, 80 sp 400 wh, bd to the NW; 12th, Ganges, Nichols, Nant, 1350 sp on board. Off French Rock, Mch 13, Columbia, Chase, Nant, 750 sp 100 wh; 24th, lat 45 S, lon 178 W, Awashonks, Eldridge, Falmouth, 1300 sp 1100 wh, and saw her put away for home.—The Awashonks reptd at Pigeon Bay, Mch 15, Sally Anne, Brooks, NB, 700 bbls (180 sp). The C. M. came home on account of the sickness of Captain Ackley.

Ship Omega, Morton, Pacific Ocean, Pernambuco May 27th, with 1200 bbls sp oil, to Joseph Starbuck.

Ship Norman, Gardner, Pacific Ocean, with 2400 lb's sp oil to G. & M. Starbuck & Co. Spoke Nov 25, lat 5 S, lon 107 W, Mary Frazier, Smith, NB, 200 sp 1300 wh, (reptd Feb 6, 250 sp 800 wh, and 3 sp whs); Dec 28, lat 5 S, lon 116 W, Tobacco Plant, Allen, NB, 250 sp; Jan 4, lat 4 50 S, lon 17 W, Amethyst, Howes, do, 900 sp; Mch 4, lat 33 S, lon 88 W, George & Susan, T. ber, do, 170 sp 2700 wh. At Talcahuano Apr 7, Sybil, Gardiner, FH, 80 sp on board; bark Kirkwood, Alle, Nant, clean.—Spoke May 26th, lat 24 S, lon 27 W, Com Preble, Lamphier, Lynn, 200 sp 1500 wh; July 3, lat 39 42 N, lon 71 30 W, Abn Barker, of and 3 ds fm N Bedford for Pacific.

Ship Harvest, Coffin, Pacific Ocean, with 500 bbls sp oil to Elihu Swain and others. Repts Jan 12, no lat, &c., Rose, Miller, Nant, 250 sp. Passenger, Capt. Wilcox, late of ship John Adams, of N Bedford, before reptd condemned.

Steamer Massachusetts, New Bedford.

Steamer Telegraph, New Bedford.

Sch Pizarro, Chase, Hyannis.

Sch Northern Belle, Fitzgerald, New York.

Sloop Triumph, Taylor, Albany.

Sloop Belt, Matthews, Yarmouth.

Sloop Passport, Chase, Harwich.

Sloop Harriet Dart, Matthews, Yarmouth.

SAILED,

Sloop Chas. Everson, Handy, Cotuit.

Wednesday, July 5th,

ARRIVED,

Steamer Massachusetts, New Bedford.

Sch Perine, Weeks, Romout.

Sch Exact, Brown, Baltimore.

Sch Bethia, Dunbar, Boston.

Sch Susan, Russell, New York.

Sloop Chas. Everson, Handy, Cotuit.

Sloop Harriet Dart, Matthews, Yarmouth.

(At the wharf,) ship Christ. Mitchell, Outer Roads, taken in by the Camels.

SAILED,

A M—Steamer Massachusetts, New Bedford.

P M " "

Sch Pizarro, Chase, Hyannis.

Sloop Belt, Matthews, Yarmouth.

Sloop Harriet Dart, Matthews, do.

Sloop Passport, Chase, Harwich.

Thursday, July 6th,

ARRIVED,

(At the Wharf,) ship Omega, Outer Roads, taken in by the Camels. Ship Norman, do do.

Steamer Massachusetts, New Bedford.

SAILED,

Sch R. B. Smith, Robinson, Philadelphia.

Sloop Charles Everson, Handy, Cotuit.

(From the Bar,) U. S. Steamer Bibb, Davis, and U. S. Schr Gallatin, Maffit, on the U. S. Coast Survey.

Friday, July 7th,

ARRIVED,

Sch Laurel, Smith, Western Bank, with a full cargo, 27,000 fish. Spoke, June 6th, schr. Lurana, Bassett, Nant, 8,500 fish; 18th, schr. Oneco, Crowell, do, 18,000 do; 28th, schr. George Henry, Plymouth, 17,000 do.

Schr Mechanic, —, Machias.

Sloop Laura, Pratt, Shoals.

SAILED,

Steamer Massachusetts, New Bedford.

Sloop Rail Road, Phinney, Cotuit.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.—There was an immense Taylor meeting held in New Orleans on the 24th ult., William Du Buys, President. After an address by the President, and another by Hon. P. W. Farren, the following communication from Gen. Taylor was read by Hon. Baile Peyton.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—The undersigned whose names are affixed to the card hereto appended, make this publication at the special instance and request of Gen. Zachary Taylor himself. From sundry articles which have appeared in several of the public journals of the city of New Orleans, Gen. Taylor is given to understand that persons claiming to speak for him, have produced the impression that he is not satisfied with what Judge Saunders, and the other members of the Louisiana Delegation to the National Whig Convention who acted with him, saw fit to say and do in that body in his (Gen. Taylor's) behalf; and that he repudiates such acts and sayings. Did these rumors and reports affect only himself, Gen. Taylor would not trouble the public concerning them; but as they affect, whether so intended or not, the good report and candor of gentlemen whose partiality for him has made them objects of reproach and suspicion, he feels constrained, by a sense of duty and justice, to authorize them to be met by a distinct and peremptory denial.

A CARD.

We are authorized by Gen. Taylor to say that the course of the Louisiana delegation in the Whig Convention, lately assembled at Philadelphia, meets with his entire, full, and unqualified approbation. He not only never doubted, but never indicated a doubt that his honor and reputation were safe in their hands.

[Signed]

BAILIE PEYTON,
LOGAN HUNTON,

JUNE 23D, 1848. A. C. BULLITT.

The New Orleans Delta says: "The above statement is in the hand writing of Gen. Taylor himself, which is of a peculiarly stiff, heavy and marked character. The reading of this document being finished, loud and prolonged cheers rent the air, and countenances, before anxious and distressed, were instantly radiant with smiles and exultation."

ONE DAY LATER FROM FRANCE.

The Courier & Enquirer had news one day later by the Cambria, than any other paper. It was sent from London to Liverpool by Telegraph. It is of considerable importance:

London, June 17, 1848—9 o'clock, A. M.

The following summary embraces all the news of any interest that has transpired since last night's mail:

PARIS.—A most serious demonstration was apprehended yesterday in favor of Louis Napoleon; all the troops were confined to barracks, and held ready to act at a moment's notice. The National Guard were privately summoned to hold themselves in readiness. This intense feeling arose out of the letter the Prince had addressed to the President of the National Assembly, which was read late on Thursday evening in the Assembly, and which you will receive; it stated that if the people imposed duties upon him he would know how to perform them. This expression being interpreted to mean readiness to put himself at the head of the State, provoked the utmost indignation. The letter was referred to the Committee, and the report would be brought up yesterday. It was expected that the banishment of the Prince would be pronounced, and it was feared that an insurrection in his favor would follow.

The Moniteur does not contain the usual weekly return of the Bank of France.

Business in Foreign Exchange continues extremely dull. Yesterday rates were the same as at the last post. Holland a shade lower.

From the third Edition of the Morning Chronicle.

PARIS, Friday evening.

Prince Louis Napoleon has written to the President resigning his seat in the National Assembly. The announcement was received with loud acclamations. Paris is calm.

VIENNA, June 11.

All was quiet. The Funds have advanced 1-2 per cent. Fries \$6. Exchange unaltered.

After a few days of delightfully pleasant weather, we were visited, yesterday, with a cold North East wind—cold enough to freeze one. The change in the steamboat arrangement, for the past week, and the non-arrival of the packet yesterday, unavoidably render our paper to-day somewhat barren of news from abroad.

INCIDENTS AND ACCIDENTS ON THE FOURTH.—At East Boston a boy 11 years of age, son of Thomas Dolliver, was very badly injured by the explosion of a quantity of powder in a flask.

A lad 12 years old, son of Christopher Andrews, who resides in Audley court, was badly burned by the explosion of a quantity of gunpowder with which he was experimenting.

A son of Dr. Wildes, of Brookline, was severely injured by the premature discharge of a small cannon.

A sail boat containing two men was upset near Spectacle Island, Tuesday, but they were fortunately saved by a company of young men in another boat.

Three or four persons were injured in consequence of attempting to get on to the cars after they had started.

Pickpockets were busy, as usual, and robbed several individuals of their money, but in no case did they get any great amount.

A man named Tuttle, who lived in Stoneham, was run over by the last train of cars for Reading, in attempting to get on board after they were in motion. He was so badly injured that he died yesterday morning.

Twenty-seven lost children were taken to the house of the City Crier, all of whom have been restored to their parents.

An Irishman named John McPike stabbed his wife, inflicting so serious an injury that her life is despaired of. McPike lived on Paris street, East Boston, and was arrested and held in the sum of \$3,000 to answer at a future day.

Bost. Adv. 6th.

LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR TO ABBOTT LAWRENCE.—We cut the following communication from the last number of the Northampton Courier:

Mr. Editor:—I perceive that you call for the "evidence" which Mr. Abbott Lawrence possesses concerning Gen. Taylor's political views. I happen to know some little of the matter and will state what I know, for the benefit of the public. The "evidence" is contained in a letter from Gen. Taylor to Mr. Lawrence, and though this letter is I believe, private, still it certainly ought to be published. In one place he says in effect and I think in so many words that he "is a Whig, always a Whig, but never an Ultra Whig," while in another place are these very words, "If elected to the Presidency I shall select my Cabinet from the PUREST AND ABLEST WHIGS IN THE UNION." These words I know to be contained in this letter, and if I mistake not, there is more to the same effect. I hope you will give publicity to this statement and oblige A WHIG.

MR. CLAY.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Express under date of 2d inst. says:—Two letters have been received here from Hon. Henry Clay, in which he says he shall support the nomination of Taylor and Fillmore, and that the ticket ought to be supported and elected by the Whig party.

The same writer adds:

The news coming in upon us from all sections of the country is most cheering to the friends of Taylor and Fillmore. Our ticket will carry all before it.—The Worcester Convention and its doings create no sort of alarm here. Mr. Giddings, who addressed the Convention, can well be spared from the Whig ranks. We could not spare a better man. The Convention, it appears, sent an equal number of Whig, Locofocos and Liberty men to the Buffalo Convention which is to be assembled on the 9th of August.

A letter from New York to the Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"S. E. Burroughs, Esq., of this city, a wealthy retired merchant, purposes starting on a great yachting excursion in a few days. He intends to visit England, France, Italy and other European Countries, and to pay his respects to the Emperor of Russia. He will traverse the Baltic with his beautiful clipper, and show the nations of the Old World a specimen of American life, which will make them open their eyes a little wider than they have ever before been opened."

FROM HONDURAS.—The British agent at Honduras recognises Yucatan Indians as entitled to the same rights as the Spanish have heretofore enjoyed.

VALUABLE BUILDING FOR SALE.

FOR sale low, and on reasonable terms, the building on Fair Street, with about 14 rods of Land, under and adjoining the same, known as the COFFIN SCHOOL HOUSE. This building is very large and in good repair, and can be altered into two Dwelling Houses at a small expense. There is a good entrance to the building, both from Fair and from Orange Street, and it is in all other respects well calculated for a Public Building, or for a private residence.

For further particulars, price, terms, &c. &c., please call on either of the subscribers.

The fixtures in the building, will be sold separately, or with the building, as may be desired.

ARIEL COFFIN,
CHARLES G. COFFIN,
ROBERT M. JOY.

Total.

9 62

1 39

9 20

3 93

6 22

0 76

3 96

4 81

3 17

9 12

1 50

9 44

8 07

5 93

4 42

4 62

7 90

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4 47

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"That's neither here nor there," roared the farmer. "I've made up my mind, and Flory must make up her's. It is Hiram Scoville or no home here any more."

"No home here any more?" moaned poor Flory.

"That's what I said. To-morrow morning will be time enough to give your decision."

"And you, mother?" said the poor child, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"We know what is for your best good, Flora. I quite agree with your father."

Not a word was spoken.

A few moments after Flory and Liz met again in the kitchen.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Liz, in a most matter-of-fact manner.

"I am going to pack my trunk to-night and get ready to leave this house to-morrow," replied the almost distracted girl.

"And you won't marry Hiram Scoville?"

"I will never marry Hiram—so help me Father in Heaven!"

"That's the talk!" said Liz, with an ominous shake of the head; that's the cheese! Now, just let your trunk alone to-night, and watch this pumpkin for me. I've got to go out for an hour or two, and I wouldn't have it burn for considerable. I calculate to spread myself on them pies."

"Shall I have to sit here all the time, Liz?"

"Well, I guess you'd better. The tarnation stuff sticks sometimes when you least expect it."

And with these words Liz shut the back door and hurried out of sight.

"It's good five miles there and back," said she to herself. "I can't walk it and get back in any kind of season. Now, if this ain't a case of special Providence, then I don't know. There's Dick Sander's tin cart this blessed minute! He's inside, getting his supper with old marm Chase. I'll borrow that vehicle; and if I'm half as smart as I ought to be, he'll never know where in the world it went to, or how it got back, unless I'm a mind to tell him—which just as likely as not, I shall be."

In a twinkling old Dobbin's wrappings were removed, and in a twinkling Liz was in the peddler's seat, and in a twinkling more out of sight.

The tin pans rattled and clattered, the bells around the horse's neck jingled merrily, but Liz heard nothing, saw nothing, but the object of her errand.

Leaving her strange team a block or two from the principal hotel of the town she had entered, she made her way to that establishment.

"A woman to see you on the steps, Mr. Moreland," said a servant in waiting. "Looks like a washer-woman. Says she can't come in."

"It's Liz," whispered the gentleman to himself. "Bless the dear creature's heart, what can she want to-night, I wonder. Oh, Flora! Flora!"

And with a heavy heart Mr. Moreland walked quickly to the door.

Here was a face for an artist—a face upon which true nobility sat enthroned. No need of acquaintance to tell what manner of man he was. He had come to Watertown on business, and had informed Liz of his whereabouts. Indeed, these two individuals had been in correspondence since the trouble between said gentleman and Flora, and Liz had always known that Philip Moreland was not married, but she wisely kept her counsel, believing that this lesson was needed for the entire subjugation of the rebellious little Flora. Not that there had been any falsehood told though in this connection. A Philip Moreland had married, but not this one.

"I've come for you, Mr. Moreland," said Liz.

"For me! What for?" inquired the gentleman, in bewilderment.

"Get on your great coat and come along; we'll talk afterwards," said the woman in a tone of authority.

"But Flora?"

"Don't know nothing at all about it. Has put her foot down that she won't marry Hiram—confessed that she loves you married, or single, better than anybody else in the created world; and if she can't have you, she'll live single till Gabriel blows his horn, and then look up Philip Moreland."

"Liz, you have taken away my breath."

"Wal, what if I have?" replied the strange woman. "You refused to budge till I did."

The tin-cart was a little too much for the anxious lover's risibilities even. He laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks and froze on, and then laughed again, until others came to melt them.

Over the hard, uneven ground, they went, bumpity bump, while the bells sounded out a merry peal, which sound Liz declared just as welcome to her ears as any wedding chime she ever heard.

The tin-cart was left in the lane, old Dobbin carefully covered, and Farmer Nevin's boy was sent to tell Dick Sanders where his establishment could be found.

"Just look here now; ain't that a pretty sight?"

And Liz brought her companion to a sudden halt by the kitchen window.

There stood Flora, one foot on the stove hearth, her elbow on her knee, her head resting in the palm of her left hand, while with the right she diligently stirred the pumpkin to keep it from burning.

"Set her to work to keep her from thinking," said Liz, softly. "Stay here in the porch while I sort of prepare her like; it won't take but a minute," she continued, as the impatient man would have rushed in.

"Oh, Liz, you got back—how glad I am, It's been awful lonesome here. Where have you been?"

"Wal, I had a little arrant about Mr. Moreland. I wanted to find out whether—wal, you see, whether he was married or not, and I find out he ain't."

"Liz! Liz! Liz! who told you? Speak quick, dear old Liz, or I'll choke you to death."

At this juncture, Liz opened the porch door, and with a burst of tears which the poor old soul couldn't control another moment, sobbed out—

"He did."

What's the use of going on? Flora was in the gentleman's arms, of course, and the whole affair was lovingly and satisfactorily settled.

When, a few days after, Dick Sanders pulled up to the door, Liz's merriment was entirely beyond control; and when he commenced to rehearse the story of the lost tin-cart, it can be safely said that no such peals of laughter ever echoed through the old farmhouse before or since.

"I heard those bells with my own ears, Dick Sanders, and I never heard 'em ring so fast before. Do you believe in spirits, Dick?"

"Golly! no, Liz; I should be afraid of my shadow if I did. You don't believe in 'em, do you, Liz?"

"There was a spirit of a woman in that tin-cart, Dick Sanders, as true as you're alive, chasing after a man. I'd be willing to take my affidavit to it."

Dick left.

"WHISKEY HAS USED HIM UP."—There is scarcely a community or neighborhood from Maine to Oregon where this saying is not used almost every day in the year, and altogether truly. A subject of this kind is to be found in almost every town. The merchant has failed, and whiskey has done it. The lawyer, with his brilliant talent and large business, has fallen below the range of respectability and confidence; whiskey was the cause. The politician, with bright prospects before him, has played out, and the account is charged to whiskey. The judge, of talent, age and respectability, is the subject of private and neighborhood talk. His enemies point with derision, and his friends hang their heads with shame, and whiskey has done it. The kind-hearted neighbor and hard working man has become a pest in society, and trouble to his family; whiskey beat him. Whiskey will beat any man living, and that is just what it was made for.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1872.

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MARRIED.

At Dennis Port, 6th inst., by Rev. James Barnaby, Mr. Judah E. Nickerson of Dennis Port, to Miss Mary Lizzie, daughter of Capt. Watson Burgess, of this town.

In San Francisco, Cal., June 25th, by Rev. John Kimball, Thomas F. Mitchell, to Mrs. Sarah D. Cathcart, both formerly of this town.

DIED.

In this town, 8th inst., Capt. William Rawson, aged 73 years, 2 months and 11 days.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

Saturday, July 6th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sch Jessie B. Allen, Case, Philadelphia.

Monday, July 7th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sch Motto, Smith, Providence.

Tuesday, July 8th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sloop Tawtawcoo, Ray, New Bedford.

Wednesday, July 9th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sloop Jessie B. Allen, Case, Philadelphia.

Thursday, July 10th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sloop Charles Everson, Marston, Cotuit.

Friday, July 11th.

SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sch Onward, Gorham, New York; Sch W. O. Nettleton, Brown, Boston.

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Wednesday, July 9th.

The Winking Eye.

We have no hesitancy in stating that, among the able-bodied male adults of this city, the very common summer beverage known as "soda water," which is dealt out so unspairingly at every corner during the heated term, is considered, to use their own language, a "thin drink." But while the ingenious mixture of wind and water is termed "thin," strong liquors, such as whiskies, are altogether too "thick" for a steady warm weather drink; and so the imbibing who must moisten his flues with some liquid refreshment seeks a pleasant combination of the two classes of drink, which forms a happy combination that exhilarates, yet is not intoxicating. It is customary among these bibulous go-betweens to enter a drug store, call for soda water, name their syrup, at the same time giving a wink to the dispenser of "fluids," who takes the goblet, in which he places the syrup, then stoops down beneath the counter or retires to a back room, where, by some mysterious chemical change, the contents are colored darkly, and the soda is then let in upon the mixture, which is handed to the customer with a wink from the clerk. So much for the process; now for the sequel.

A venerable gentleman from the country, who is a respected church deacon, a justice of the peace, a member of the "Band of Hope," and a Good Templar in his native village, came to the city to trade a little in dry goods, and purchase such agricultural implements as he needed to plant and cultivate his spring crops. The deacon is strictly temperate, and never looks upon the wine when it is red, any more than he does when it is any other color. Unfortunately, our old friend had suffered from ophthalmia in his early days, which left him with an optical peculiarity, which caused his left upper eyelid to drop every few seconds, and which, to those not familiar with his infirmity gave him the appearance of winking intentionally.

The deacon is passionately fond of soda water and such light beverages. He loves to feel the gaseous compound coursing down his throat, and creating internal commotions and typhoons, that, however endurable by older persons, throw babies into agony and require prompt doses of peppermint; so after he had bought a few shovels, ploughs, hoes, rakes, and thrashing machines, also a Dolly Varden for his wife, he thought he would fill up with soda water and drive on toward home. He entered a drug store, inquired the price of the desired refreshment, then deposited his stamps, and awaited its mixture.

"What syrup do you want?" said the urbane clerk, as he mopped off the marble counter with the same towel he used a moment before to remove the honest sweat from his noble brow.

"O, give me sassafras; that is about as healthy as any thing, I guess." (Here the deacon's eyelid went back on him and dropped quickly.)

"All right," replied the fountain tender, as he disappeared below the counter, and came up a moment later with the drinking glass containing about three fingers of "sassafras," to which he added the other ingredients, and handed it to the deacon. The latter drained the contents to the very dregs, then brushed the froth from his mouth, smacked his lips, and said:

"That syrup is a leetle stronger than they generally make it, but my blood is out of order, and I guess I'll take another glass;" at the same time his eyelid fluttered meaningly as before.

29

30 A. B. Robinson, of this town, has been appointed General Freight Agent at Woods Hole, on the new route.

The dose was repeated, and the soda water bibber left the store. About half an hour later he entered another establishment where a sign announced "Soda and Mineral Waters on Draught." It was noticed the deacon walked as if he had the spring halt as he entered the door, and his spectacles were upside down on his nose. He called for "Congress Water," at this place, saying he "did not feel quite right, and was afraid he had used too much syrup in his soda water at the other store, or else he was bilious." His optical weakness exhibited itself as he spoke, and returning the wink, the clerk retired to a dark closet, then returning, filled up a glass with plain "Congress," and gave it to our now "tightly slight" friend, who swallowed it without a murmur.

How many " sodas" the deacon stowed away before he left the city we are unable to say, but he was found late in the day asleep in his wagon, with a plough-point for a pillow, and several yards of Dolly Varden calico gracefully draped about his person as a covering. He revived sufficiently to inform a stranger that he had been "drugged," and a subsequent visit to the localities where he had taken soda water developed the fact that his unfortunate habit of winking—a defect over which he had no control—was the cause of all his trouble. The soda water dispensers supposed him to be "one of the boys," and every time his eyelid dropped, took the hint. The deacon escaped the "jim-jams," but says hereafter he will wear a blinder over that eye when he purchases summer drinks, or else write it on a slate.—*New York paper.*

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

MARRIED.

In South Boston, June 19th, by the Rev. Mr. Sallaway, Mr. George Fitch, formerly of this town, to Mrs. Charlotte E. Somerby of Boston.

In Poughkeepsie, June 25th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. S. Terry, Mr. Howard Walker to Miss Emma Gerow, all of Poughkeepsie.

DIED.

In this town, on Sunday morning last, Miss Annie Mitchell, daughter of the late Capt. Rufus and Winfield Coffin, aged 13 years, 3 months. [New Bedford papers please copy.]

In this town, on Thursday morning last, Mrs. Valentine, wife of Capt. William Worth, aged 65 years and 4 months.

In this town, yesterday morning, Mr. James C. Hammond, son of Mr. William Hammond, Jr., of New Bedford, aged 29 years. Mr. H. was a member of Co. G., Mass. 2d Artillery.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR MARINE JOURNAL.

PORT OF NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, July 13th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

MONDAY, July 15th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

SAILED—Sloop Tawtomeo, Ray, New Bedford.

TUESDAY, July 16th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

WEDNESDAY, July 17th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Hyannis.

ARRIVED—Sloop Charles Everson, Marston, Cotuit.

THURSDAY, July 18th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

FRIDAY, July 19th.
SAILED AND ARRIVED—Steamer Island Home, Manter, Woods Hole.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.—Steamer Island Home made two trips to Oak Bluffs and Falmouth Heights, on Sunday last, as had been advertised. But few passengers went from here, but a large number availed themselves of the opportunity for a short run down to Nantucket and back, which made our streets very lively on Sunday afternoon.

THE NEW ROUTE.—The railroad to Woods Hole has been completed, and the Island Home made her first trip on the new route on Thursday morning last, leaving here at 8 A. M. The trains from Boston were considerably behind time that day, and this fact, together with the prevalence of a thick fog, brought the mails and passengers somewhat late Thursday evening.

KEEP A HORSE.—I love a horse as a family adjunct, as supplement to the nursery. He saves more than he costs. He is the third estate in the household—better to your wife than an extra servant, better to yourself than the club. I love him because of the real domestic pleasure to which he contributes, the cheap and pure, the rational and healthy delight he makes possible; for the aches, the blues, the troubles, the doctor's bills he drives away; for the smiles that come to the children and the relief to the good wife as they jog along the pleasant country roads. I believe in a family horse as the counter irritant of domestic life. A drive smooths down asperities of brain and body, and its result is health.

SEXUALITY OF HEART DISEASE.—Dr. Richard Quain reports that enlargement of the heart, one of the most distressing and fatal diseases, is more than twice as frequent in males as in females, the precise proportion being 8 to 3. This remarkable liability to enlargement of men's hearts, as compared with those of women, is, he thinks, unquestionably due to the greater amount of work and anxiety which, under the present dispensation, falls upon man. Ladies may take this fact to heart, and reflect whether, in claiming the rights of women, they may not at the same time incur the risks of men and with them a new and unexpected form of disability.

WHAT COMES NEXT TO MAN?—A good story is told of a teacher who was talking to her scholars regarding the order of the higher beings. It was a very profitable subject, and one in which the children took an uncommon interest. She told them the angels came first in perfection, and when she asked them who came next, and was readily answered by one boy, "Man," she felt encouraged to ask: "What comes next to man?" And here a little shaver, who was evidently smarting under a defect in the preceding question, immediately distanced all competitors, by promptly shouting out: "His undershirt, ma'am!"

TAKEN DOWN.—Captain Judkins, for many years commodore of the Cunard line of steamers, had a certain way occasionally of expressing himself in reply to what he deemed pointless questions from passengers. In fact, a dove-like sweetness of manner was not the commodore's best point.

On one of his latest voyages, he had among the passengers Bishop Littlejohn and wife, of Long Island. Mrs. Littlejohn, one day, being near the commodore, asked him if it was not going to rain.

"Ask the cook," was his bluff reply.

"I beg pardon," said Mrs. Littlejohn, "am I not speaking to the cook?"

A lady teacher inquired of the members of a class of juveniles if any of them could name the four seasons. Instantly the chubby hand of a five-year old was raised, and promptly came the answer, 'pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard.'

The highest paid female teacher in the service of the city, at present, is Miss Sarah J. Baker, principal of the Dudley School, Highlands, whose salary was increased \$400, and made \$2400, at the last meeting of the board. Miss Baker is the only female principal of a grammar school in the city.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Now, children," said a Sunday school gentleman visitor, who had been talking to the scholars about "good" people and "bad" people, "now, children, when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "Because some are good and others are bad," but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "Because some are rich and others are poor!"

The Woman's Journal says a lady subscriber stops her paper on the novel ground that "it is so exclusively woman as to be almost disgusting." What a pity she cannot change her sex!

JANUARY OF 1857.—The remarkably mild spring-like weather of the past week led us to make a comparison with the responding week of 1857, which we are able to do through the kindness of a friend who has kept a record of the weather for more than thirty years, and who has allowed us to take extracts from his journal. We shall continue to make these weekly comparisons through the month of January, presuming they will be interesting to the younger portion of our readers least, while at the same time they will tend to freshen the memories of such as readily recall the severity of that specially hard winter. In contrasting it with the present winter, the two extremes are own. We commence with:

Sunday, Jan. 4th, 1857.—Wind has blown a gale all night; very stormy and winterish. Great quantity of snow fallen since yesterday morning.

Monday, Jan. 5th.—Wind northwardly with a smart breeze and inclining to be cold. Thermometer at sunrise just below 20°. Steamer Island Home left the wharf at 9.30, A. M., but was over half an hour getting through the ice. She did not return. Through the day the weather has continued clear and cold, beautiful sunset but very winterish. Thermometer at 11, P. M., 14°.

Tuesday, Jan. 6th.—Wind northwardly, blown very fresh all night; extremely cold and winterish. Harbor full of ice, and the earth covered with snow and ice. Excellent sleighing both in and out of town. Thermometer at 7, A. M., 10°. Steamer Island Home arrived from Hyannis at about 4.30, P. M.; required over an hour in getting from Brant Point to wharf, on account of the quantity of ice in the harbor. In the evening the wind blew very fresh, and the weather was cooling cold. Thermometer at 10, P. M., 12°.

[We would here state that the harbor remained closed with ice until Thursday, February 5th, when the steamer Island Home left her dock at 4.30 o'clock, following a channel which had been cut through the ice from the Black Flats to her dock. She carried off twenty-seven mails. The schooner Pizarro landed twenty-four mails and a number of passengers at about sunset, at Quidnet, on Tuesday, February 3^d.]

Wednesday, Jan. 7th.—Wind N. N. W., blowing a gale, and as cold as Greenland. Thermometer at sunrise, 10°. Ice extending a considerable distance outside of Brant Point. During the day the wind blew very fresh and cold. Winter in good earnest. Thermometer has not been above 15° at any time through the day; clear and cold in evening. Thermometer at 10, P. M., 12°.

Thursday, Jan. 8th.—Wind Northwardly, blowing pretty fresh, and another bitter cold morning. Thermometer at sunrise only 6° above zero. Ice as far as the eye extends; all communication with the continent cut off. Everybody sleighing, for it was never better since the creation of the world. There was less wind in the afternoon, but it has been extremely cold all day. Thermometer at noon only 10° above zero. In the evening clear and beautiful moonlight, and almost calm. Thermometer at 9, P. M., 10°.

Friday, Jan. 9th.—Wind Northwardly, moderate breeze and a still cold. Thermometer at sunrise, 8° above. No water to be seen at the north of us. Ice, snow and cold in their most aggravated form. Sleighbing excellent, both in the streets and out of town. Weather grew milder towards noon, with thermometer rather above 20°. Sunny and much warmer in afternoon than of late. In the evening the weather was moonlight, and lovely pleasant. Wind inclining to westward.

Saturday, Jan. 10th.—Wind N. E. by E. in morning; weather moderate, cloudy, and looking like snow; capital sleighbing everywhere. In the afternoon it began to snow, and by night it snowed fast and covered quick. In the evening wind S. E., moderate, and snowing most of the time.

NANTUCKET ATHENEUM.—The annual meeting of the Proprietors of this institution was held in the West room of the building on Monday evening last, but as usual a small number of persons attended. The reports of the Treasurer, the Examining Committee and the Librarian were read and approved, showing matters to be generally in a satisfactory condition. Some few repairs and improvements were recommended in the examining committee's reports, and the suggestions contained in them were referred to the incoming Board of Trustees. The library now contains upwards of 8000 volumes, of which about 5700 are bound books. The circulation for the year amounted to 9500 volumes, and the interest in the library appears to be well sustained. Strangers visiting the island are availing themselves of its benefits, about 500 volumes having been taken out by summer visitors and an income of \$33 derived from this source. The returns from the exhibition of the Museum amounted to \$82, this sum being one-half of the entire receipts. The number of shares assessed is 157, each proprietor paying a tax of two dollars. Shares may be purchased at two dollars each, and non-proprietors may have the privileges of the library by the payment of three dollars per annum. The sum of two hundred dollars has been expended in the purchase of new books during the year 1879, and as the books are overflowing the shelves it may be found necessary, at no distant day, to increase the accommodations, even by enlarging the Library Room. Complete files of local newspapers, covering a period of more than forty years, are now bound and made available for purposes of reference, and among the donations made during the year are noted some old Nantucket newspapers of 1817, which will be found of special interest and value, from Mrs. Martha W. Jenks, widow of the veteran Editor S. H. Jenks, Esq. The subject of preparing and publishing a new printed catalogue of the books was again considered and discussed, but it was doubted whether the advantages to accrue from it would be commensurate with the cost. Those of our people who use the library have for the most part a good general knowledge of its resources, and the Librarian, from her experience and excellent qualifications for her work, will be found invaluable to all who may desire more specific information. The following list of officers were elected for the coming year: President, Charles G. Coffin; Vice-President, Joseph Mitchell; Recording Secretary, Alexander Macy, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, Andrew Whitney; Treasurer Josiah Folger; Trustees, Catharine Starbuck, Ellen O. Swain, Thaddeus C. Defriez, Timothy W. Calder and Matthew Barney.

absolutely poisonous, used respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, a most wholesome nourishment to the terpiller. That animals may not destroy themselves for the want of knowing this, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the blossoms; by which means there is sufficient food for all. So this may be referred to an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days; and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon

The cable which is to connect Block Island with the main-land is expected to be laid and in working order by the first of February next. We wish that the time could be announced when the cable to connect us with the continent was to be laid.

REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.—On Monday barn and land adjoining, belonging to the estate of Joseph McCleave, was sold at auction by A. M. Myrick for \$150, Mr. George Parker being the purchaser.

FARMERS' INSTITUTE.—The regular meeting of the Farmers' Institute was held on Saturday evening last, the president, Alexander Macay, Jr., in the chair. The subject of composting manures occupied the entire evening, and was opened with a brief essay by Mr. William W. McIntosh, which was both comprehensive and instructive. Mr. Hiram C. Folger was the first speaker, and gave his experience in the use and composting of various kinds of manures. Mr. R. E. Burgess thought manures were not handled sufficiently to obtain the best results, and recommended a larger use of seaweed and kelp, giving the result of an experiment he had tried with the former on a crop of barley, which was most satisfactory. Mr. Charles W. Gardner thought it did not pay to cart seaweed, and in reply to a suggestion for the use of eat mud, said he had only raised sorrel from that, which Mr. Hiram C. Folger said was the case with him. The subject of barn cellars, for manure, pulverization, the use of coal ashes, fish, plaster paris, &c., were fully discussed, Messrs. C. A. Burgess, William C. Folger, R. E. Burgess, Hiram C. Folger, and William W. McIntosh taking a prominent part in the debate. Those who were present were favored with many valuable suggestions, and it is to be regretted that many were prevented from listening on account of their being no fire. This evil will be remedied before the next meeting, which will occur on Saturday evening, 10 inst. The objects assigned are "Sheep Husbandry" (essay by Matthew Macy), and "Potato Culture" (essay by R. E. Burgess).

STATISTICAL.—The following are the highest averages of the classes in the High school for the last monthly written examination: Senior Class—Nellie Ring, 9.78; Jessie Coffin, 9.61. Senior Middle Class—attie Andrews, 9.82; Emma Cartwright, 78; Edith Gardner, 9.44; Ida Cathcart, 31; Estelle Curtis, 9.23. Junior Middle Class—Carrie Andrews, 9.57; Charles T. Hall, 9.57; Heman Eldredge, 9.35; Arthur Rock, 9.30; Lizzie Hussey, 9.30. Junior Class—Willie Macy, 9.63; Carrie Long, 9.31; Peter Hussey, 9.28; Joseph Gorham, 9.15; Thur Wyer, 9.05. Emma Cartwright was perfect in French, Carrie Andrews in Physiology, and Willie Macy in English Grammar.

METEOROLOGICAL.—We have received from Capt. Charles H. Coleman the total rainfall of the year 1879, which foots up a total of 35.11 inches. The fall of each month of the year was: January, 1.96 inches; February, 1.26; March, 5.07; April, 5.48; May, 1.01; June .84; July, 1.54; August, 5.80; September, 3.52; October, 1.46; November, 4.18; December, 2.99.

The mean temperature of 1879 was 41.66 degrees; for 1878, 35.14 degrees.

Says one writer: "Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home-life." This may be true; but when a man has hunted all over the dressing-case drawers for his Sunday shirt, without finding it, he asks his wife as to its whereabouts and she replies "Down cellar, dear," it is but a sickly smile that responds to her jocoseness.

When a bachelor friend stops to contemplate a female-attired dummy, we feel we have a perfect right to suppose he is contemplating matrimony, and is employing his spare moments for a month previous to his nuptials in studying into the use of articles which he has heretofore cared neither to know of or look at. Still, we may be mistaken in our conjectures.

OCTOBER 14, 1882.

Chips are flying about Muskeget.
April showers Wednesday morning.
In another week cod are due hereabouts.
Raw, easterly weather prevailed Wednesday.
The lower end of Weymouth lane is being paved.

John B. Clark's engine, No. 4, was out for trial Saturday.

Goin' to chip in a dollar note for a lecture-course ticket?

Refractory stove-pipes are the bane of the existence of heads of families.

A cargo of sleepers and spiles for the Railroad Company is expected here soon.

Work has been commenced on Mrs. Edward Burdett's new cottage on North street.

The tug T. W. Wellington, with stone barges in tow, grounded on the bar Sunday.

C. D. Swain, the plumber, is to remove to the store occupied by the late G. F. Barreau.

Business at the office of the Register of Deeds has been brisk during the last two months.

Early morning comet gazers have been foiled by rising clouds nearly every morning this week.

Thirty-one men are engaged on the Muskeget station. The contractors' time expired Thursday.

U. S. Steamer Verbena took Capt. Sandsbury and watch to the South Shoal light-ship Wednesday.

The lighters of the street lamps are now provided with torches, which burn throughout their entire routes.

Mr. E. W. Perry, we understand, contemplates the rebuilding of the Old North Wharf its entire length.

A young people's society is to be formed by the younger attendants at the North Congregational Church.

Smelt fishing at the wharves is a favorite pastime with some. A considerable number were captured Tuesday.

More lumber vessels are on their way, one of which will bring the framing material for Springfield House Annex, No. 2.

ADVICE TO THE BETROTHED.—My advice to young people who must pass through long engagements, is to see as little of each other as possible; and likewise to correspond sparingly. Quarrels are easily hatched, even on paper, and they are almost sure to arise if an exchange of love-letters be commenced at the dangerous rate of one a day, or week. This pace is too fast to last. I should say that one letter a fortnight was ample. If this wise abstemiousness from the use of pen and ink be tried; if the loving pair see each other but two or three times a year, at Christmas, at Easter, for perhaps half a week during the summer; and if during their separation they remind one another prettily of their reciprocal affection by gifts of flowers, trinkets, nicely-hemmed pocket-handkerchiefs and well-worked slippers in worsted, then the rocky time of a long engagement may possibly be sailed through without accidents. Nevertheless, all this leads up to repeating that, when two young people have made up their minds to marry, the sooner they do so the better.—*Writer in Home Journal*.

Little Franky's mother was very pious, but she was an invalid; and so his auntie, who was also pious, looked after his religious instruction, and let no occasion pass to enforce some precept. One day Franky suddenly said: "Oh, dear! I wish I had wings!" This angelic aspiration was regarded with great joy by the two sisters, and they eagerly asked why he wished for wings. "Oh," said Franky, "I'd fly up into the air and take Aunt Susan with me, and when I couldn't go any higher, I'd let her drop."

Capt. A. B. Dunham's yacht, Clara, struck a buoy-stone in the neighborhood of the jetty last Sunday, injuring her somewhat.

Perch fishing is now a favorite pastime with anglers. Some large catches are reported to have been taken from Long Pond.

Steamer Island Home arrived here from New Bedford, Tuesday, having been put in excellent order since she was taken off the route.

How about that proposed extension of Atlantic avenue? It's an improvement all should interest themselves in, as well as the sewer question.

The whistle at the Wannacomet Water Works will often be mistaken for that of the Steamer Island Home, which it closely resembles in tone.

Members of the Masonic fraternity will enjoy the humorous sketch on the Morgan Monument, reprinted on the fourth page of this paper, from the *New York Times*.

A petition asking the appointment of Thomas B. Field, Esq., as a trial justice for this county, which has been in circulation this week, has received numerous signatures.

A local sportsman informs us that recently, while shooting on the commons, the chance presented itself of firing at either plover or snow birds, a flock of each variety being on either side of him.

A company has been formed in Boston, to be known as the Cary Telephone Signal Company, with a capital of \$35,000, of which Mr. James H. Cary is president, and Mr. George H. Cary, treasurer, both parties being natives of this place.

Cross Rip lightship, which has been at New Bedford several months, has been almost entirely rebuilt. A new keelson, frame, deck timbers and planks and spars have been supplied, and the work is said to have been thoroughly done.

The agent, Mr. C. C. Crosby, announces in our advertising columns, that staterooms via the Fall River line can still be obtained of him at his office on Whale street. The liberality of the Old Colony line in sustaining an agency here is appreciated by the travelling public.

A pale-faced clerk in a Woodward avenue clothing store received a set back the other day from an old woman which will retard his growth for a year to come. She entered the store in company with her son and said:

"I want to see some ulcer overcoats for boys."

"You mean ulster—u-l-s-t-e-r," he replied.

"Did I ask for ulcer overcoats?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I want to see ulcer overcoats, no matter how you spell it! I got up at five o'clock this morning; rode fourteen miles facing the wind, sold two hogs and a barrel of cider, and if I don't know what I want I'm not going to take any advice from a walking goose quill like you!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

When "Thad" Stevens was a young lawyer in the Pennsylvania courts he once lost his case by what he called a wrong ruling of the judge. Disgusted, he banged his law books on the table, picked up his hat and started for the door, with some vigorous words in his mouth. The judge, feeling that his dignity was assailed, rose impressively and said, "Mr. Stevens!" Mr. Stevens stopped, turned and bowed deferentially. "Mr. Stevens," said the judge, "do you intend by such conduct to express your contempt for this court? And Stevens, with mock seriousness, answered, "Express my contempt for this court? No, sir! I was trying to conceal it, your honor."

After family prayer, a few evenings since, a little Quincy boy asked: "Mamma, how can God hear folks pray when He's so far away?" Before the lady could frame a suitable reply, a sunny-faced little miss of five summers vehemently said: "I'll jes' bet He's dot telephones a rannin' to every place!"—*Boston Courier*.

Skeezix ran home the other night and frightened his venerable grandmother half out of her senses with the report that the comet had landed at the Cliff shore, and was rushing down North Shore hill, straight for the house. He then opened the water faucet, and proceeded to fill the Hingham pail, while the nervous old lady, inspired by his example, went for the old leathern fire-buckets that are still pendent in the front hall. She drew a long breath of relief when Skeezix explained that he meant Wanacomet of course; but she is quite sure that this is the last time that that boy will come it over her with his nonsense.

STREET LAID OUT.—In response to the petition of Robert B. Coffin and others, the Selectmen on Tuesday visited Seaside, and laid out a new road from Main street through the Adeline Fanning estate and lands of Capt. David C. Baxter and William Owen to New Lane. This road will obviate the necessity of making long detours in getting about the village, and will be appreciated by the residents in that section.

Tripe, 10 cents a pound, at Swain's.

A Provincetown sportsman killed fifty teal the other day, with two shots fired simultaneously.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1872.

REAL ESTATE.—The "Gillespie house," on Eagle Lane, has been sold to Mr. S. W. Thayer of Blackstone, for \$400.

Capt. Charles C. Mooers is having his tract of land near the Cliff surveyed and laid out into convenient house lots. We learn that several of the lots are already engaged by purchasers who propose to erect cottages there, overlooking the ocean.

The house of Robert Folger on Bear Street was sold at auction yesterday by T. W. Ridell, to Timothy W. Calder, for \$145.

LIFE-SAVING STATIONS.—Bids were opened in Washington, Saturday, for the construction of nine life-saving station houses to be erected on the coast of Cape Cod, under an act of the last Congress. The contract was awarded Cottrell & Gullup to build nine houses on Cape Cod, and one on Block Island. The buildings are to be completed by December 1st.

A WAIF.—Mr. Walter James hands us a letter taken from a bottle picked up at the South Shore, purporting to be written on board brig Lookout, lat. 39° 29', heavy weather and leaking badly. The letter is signed Capt. J. N. Nye, and says "if the weather holds, we cannot survive two hours longer."

IGNORING GENDER.—A disposition to ignore differences of sex is so common that few persons can fail to observe it. Sometimes it takes curious forms. A few days ago, a distinguished and much respected gentleman told us the following: Being on the examining board of a school in a country town, he asked the pupils what was meant by gender in nouns and pronouns. As they could not answer, he looked to the teacher for explanation, whereupon she said, with flushed cheeks and some sharpness, "Nothing is taught about gender in this school!"—*North American Review*.

GREAT BARGAINS

OFFERED AT

Rothenberg Bros.

BAZAAR!

We invite the attention of the people of Nantucket, to our

GRAND OPENING

—OF—

FALL GOODS,

Consisting of Dry and Fancy goods, Gents' Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, &c. Also, Alpacas, Poplins, Brilliantines, and Empress Cloths of all shades and colors; Thibets of all shades; Black Cashmores, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Brussels Silks; Silk Poplins of all shades and colors; Black Silks of all grades; Tycoon Reps; Ginghams; also, a great assortment of Prints and Cotton Cloths of all widths, from 30 inches up to 90 inches; Cotton Bats; and a large assortment of Winter Blankets and Marseilles Spreads. Velveteen and White Corduroy for Cloaking.

WATERPROOF! WATERPROOF!

A large assortment of all kinds of Flannel and Woolen Goods; also, a very large and fine assortment of

LINEN DOMESTICS,

—AT—

LOW PRICES,

consisting of Web Linen, Linen Coverings for tables, White and Turkey Red, also Woolen Table Covers. A large assortment of Napkins and Towels to match, of all sizes. A large lot of

FANCY GOODS,

Lace Collars, Neckties, Sashes and Sash Ribbons, Velvet Trimming of all widths, from No. 1 up to No. 20, Ladies' Hair Braids, Belts, Rubber Combs, Embroideries, Cambric and Lace Edgings. Also, a large assortment of Hosiery and Kid Gloves, Ladies' Underwear, Hoop Skirts, Bustles, &c.

GREAT BARGAINS

—IN—

CLOTHING!

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

Coats, Pants, Vests, and all kinds of Clothing for Gents and Boys. Also, a very large assortment of Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, at

LOW PRICES!

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

White Linen, Flannel, Cashmere and Balmoral Over-shirts, also, Shirts and Drawers, Linen and Paper Collars. A large assortment of Gents' Neckties at Low Prices.

We should be greatly obliged to the people of Nantucket, if they would give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

ROTHENBERG BROS.

ROTHENBERG BAZAAR,

MAIN STREET.

Nantucket, Oct. 19th, 1872.

REMOVED.—The head-quarters of O. W. Peabody Encampment, Post No. 2, G. A. R., have been removed to the room over the store of W. H. Weston, corner of Main and Orange Streets.

LIVELY.—There was a lively time on Main Street for a few minutes, on Tuesday forenoon. Four auctions and a dog fight were in progress at the same time.

BAND SERENADE.—The Nantucket Brass Band will accept our thanks for their musical treat on Thursday evening last. It was a rousing supplement to our Thanksgiving jubilee, and their out-door concert was equally relished by neighboring citizens.

One word in support of this organization. Our town ought to encourage these gentlemen by immediate substantial aid. Who will make the first contribution in order that Nantucket may sustain a Band? Open-air concerts upon the terrace of "Sherburne Heights" are not to be winked at. Let us have them next summer!

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

MARRIED.

In Chelsea, Mass., 20th inst., by Rev. Professor C. H. Leonard, Mr. Edward M. Marshall of Minneapolis, to Miss Annie May of Chelsea.

In Boston, 22d inst., by Rev. H. I. Cushman, Mr. Rowland H. Macy of New York city, to Miss Emma Billings of Lincolnville, Me.

In Barnstable, 17th inst., by Rev. V. W. Mattoon, Mr. Alfred Crocker, U. S. mail agent on the Old Colony Railroad, to Miss Annie Davis, both of Barnstable.

DIED.

In this town, 28th inst., Mr. Josiah Swain, aged 64 years and 8 months.

In New Bedford, 26th inst., Emma Hillman, daughter of Elizabeth and the late Francis H. Brown, aged 9 years and 3 months.

In Saluria, Calhoun county, Texas, Oct. 22d, Mr. Charles F. Bunker, formerly of this town, aged 62 years and 7 months.

In Lebanon, N. H., Nov. 10th, Louise M., wife of George W. Smith, and daughter of Horace A. Stickney, aged 22 years.

He was Left.

A genuine touch of woman's nature, as well as human nature, pervades the following from a correspondent in Detroit: "A comfortable old couple sat a seat or two in front of us on the railroad during one of the hottest days of last summer. The journey was evidently one of the events of their lives, and their curiosity excited the attention of the passengers. At a way-station the old gentleman stepped out of the cars to get a drink, or to buy a doughnut, and heard the bell only in time to rush to the door of the eating-house and see the train moving off without him. The old lady in her seat had been fidgeting, and looking out of the window in her anxiety for his return, and when she saw his plight, his frantic gestures for the train to stop as it swept farther and farther away, she exclaimed: 'There! my old man's got left! he has!! there he has!!! Wa'll,' she continued, settling back into her seat again, 'I'm glad on't—it's always been 'Mammy, you'll get left! mammy, you'll get left! all my life long; and now he's gone and got left, and I'm glad on't'. Her candid reflection on the accident, and the evident satisfaction she felt in the fact that he was left, was greeted by a round of laughing applause. Not a few of the ladies in the car were delighted that it was the old man and not the woman, who had 'caught it' this time. For once, the lord and not the lady had made the blunder, and 'gone and got left.'

Playing Indian.

A New York man is very much annoyed because his two boys have read so many Indian stories that they have gone wild with anxiety to play Indian, and to go out on the prairies hunting for the real noble red man. The man was taking a nap, after dinner in his easy chair, when he was wakened by an alarming noise and a strange sensation in his head. He jumped up suddenly and found that one of his boys, dressed in a red table-cloth, and with his nose decorated with blue paint, was trying to scalp his father with a carving knife, while the other boy, attired in a blanket shawl and a rooster feather, flourished a hatchet and emitted war whoops from behind a thicket composed of two chairs and a card table. The man determined to put a stop to this kind of thing. So next day, while the boys were playing with bows and arrows in the garden, he dressed himself in Indian costume, and jumped over the fence with a wild, unearthly yell, for the purpose of frightening those children. The oldest boy, however, stood his ground, and drawing an arrow to the head, in which was inserted a tenpenny nail, he buried it in the chieftain's leg before he took to flight. That night the father walked up stairs on crutch and flogged the family all around before he sent them to bed. He is thinking now of some other way to effect a cure of the sanguinary disposition of his offspring.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1872.

MARRIED.

In this town, on Wednesday evening last, by Rev. G. A. Morse, Mr. Simeon L. Lewis, Jr., to Miss Julia L. Swain, both of this town.

DIED.

In Chelsea, on Sunday last, at the Naval Hospital, Lieut. Henry G. Macy, U. S. N., son of Edward Macy, of this town, aged 48 years.

In this town, on Saturday, 30th ult., Johannah Buckley, aged 90 years.

In this town, on Tuesday last, Mrs. Lucy S., wife of Capt. Frederick H. Barnard, aged 73 years and 2 months.

President Grant's Message reached us Wednesday by the Verbena. It is a comprehensive summary of the condition and progress of national affairs during the year past, but contains no points which are likely to cause any great partisan excitement, or heated discussion. It gives a very satisfactory account of our foreign relations; and in respect to the Cuban struggle, slavery is looked upon as the principal inducements to its continuance, and emancipation as the greatest step towards peace and order.

As concerns domestic affairs, the Message is mainly made up of summaries of the Department Reports, but the attention of Congress is called to several enterprises of considerable magnitude in the way of improving facilities for internal transportation and travel. The President is deservedly severe upon lawless associations in the South, and reiterates his determination to execute the Enforcement Act with vigor, so long as they continue to disturb the peace of any part of the country. He also pledges his best endeavors to carry out the reforms in civil service appointments, and suggests action of Congress to make the enforcement of the new system binding upon his successors. Altogether the Message will be highly satisfactory to people generally—brief, sensible and practical.

A RUNAWAY.—A horse belonging to Mr. Matthew Starbuck ran furiously down Main Street on Saturday last, taking an eccentric course so as to be at times on the sidewalks instead of in the middle of the street. Some damage was done to the fence of Mrs. Hallatt on Main Street, and also to the corner of A. T. Mowry's store. He finally brought up near the shop of Mr. W. C. L'Hommedieu, breaking the cart to which he was attached, and falling himself among the wreck, where he was secured. Mr. Andrew Johnson, who was in the cart, was thrown out at the start, but escaped injury.

GOODS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.—Mrs. J. W. Rand will soon receive elegant goods for the Holidays.

Games, Toys, and Juvenile Books, for the little ones, may be found at Mrs. George C. Ray's.

On our first page to-day will be found Dr. Ewer's article on the History of Episcopalianism in Nantucket. No one is better qualified to do justice to this subject.

WINTER was in advance of December, setting the Almanac at defiance. On Friday of last week we had a smart thunder storm, with warm showers of rain; and this was followed by a smart snow storm on Saturday. The snow lay on the ground through Saturday and Sunday, and every thing wore a wintry aspect. But Monday morning again brought mild weather, and the snow disappeared. Owing to the high wind prevailing, the steamer lost her regular trips, and we had no mails from Thursday until Monday evening.

On Tuesday the boat was again detained at her berth by high winds, but Tuesday's mails were brought on Wednesday by the Verbena.

DECEMBER 7, 1872.

CROWS AND HAWKS.

THE subscriber will pay twelve cents for the head of any crow or hawk that may be brought to him between the first of December and the first of May; and also twelve cents per dozen for the eggs of either; and a premium of \$2 to the one bringing the most heads. Per order, NOV 30-87
O. A. BURGESS, Treas.

Apples and Potatoes.

DAILY expected from "Down East,"
200 barrels Apples, and
500 bushels Potatoes.
Apply to n30 JOSEPH B. MACY.

THE OLD COLONY RAILROAD COMPANY.—The annual meeting of this corporation was held in Boston Tuesday, and the following directors were chosen, being increased from 9 to 13: Onslow Stearns, Boston; Uriel Crocker, Boston; Benjamin Finch, Newport; Oliver Ames, Easton; Charles F. Choate, Cambridge; Samuel L. Crocker, Taunton; Jacob H. Loud, Plymouth; Richard Borden, Fall River; Royal W. Turner, Randolph; Francis B. Hayes, Boston; Ephraim N. Winslow, Hyannis; John S. Brayton, Fall River; Prince S. Crowsell, Dennis.

The annual report shows that the gross receipts during the past twelve months amounted to \$1,897,438.09; expenses, \$1,202,743.32; net earnings, \$690,249.54, less interest and coupons paid. The dividend on 9481 shares, issued to stockholders of the Cape Cod Railroad Company was paid on July 1, from the earnings of that company. The increase from passengers the last year was \$121,259.27 the increase in number of passengers carried was 578,595. The increase of receipts from freight was \$118,355.33; the increase of tons carried was 115,277. Number of passengers carried the past year, 3,711,345; tons of merchandise carried, 510,434. Five new locomotives, 146 freight cars and 16 passenger and baggage cars added to the equipment the past year. The Westinghouse brake is now used on 9 locomotives and 44 cars, chiefly applied the past year. The arrangements with the New Bedford & Taunton Railroad Co., and its connections, and with the Narragansett Steamship Co., continue to work satisfactorily. The passenger business with New York has been somewhat less than last year, caused by a serious accident to another line on the Sound. The Shawmut Branch, for the construction of which 1000 shares of stock were sold in August, will be completed and opened to the public on the 1st of December. The cost has exceeded the estimate by about \$50,000. The company is now extending the Granite Branch to the gravel pits owned by the road. The coal traffic of the company, stimulated by a reduction of rates, has increased from 46,960 tons in 1871 to 83,284 tons in 1872. To provide for future increase in this business, additional wharves and coal pockets are needed at Fall River or Somerset. The rapid growth of Fall River calls for additional depot accommodations there. The boat connection between Woods Hole and Martha's Vineyard has not been satisfactory, and it may be advisable to aid in some way in the establishment of a new boat line. Out of the 3,711,345 passengers carried in cars in the past year only two have been injured, and in these cases the injuries were not serious and were caused by the carelessness of the passengers.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Hon. Onslow Stearns was re-elected President, and Hon. Geo. Marston was chosen Clerk of the corporation.

A new branch of business has sprung up this year in the export of turkeys from the island. For the first time in our history, more have been raised than were needed for home consumption, and great numbers have been sent abroad for a market.

APPOINTMENT.—Marcus Starbuck, Esq. of Falmouth, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace within and for the County of Barnstable, by His Excellency Governor Washburn, and has been qualified according to law.

The coliseum drum has gone to New York, where it will henceforth be displayed as a sign for a great music publishing house. The building is being taken apart, the interior already having been partially dismantled.

The bell buoy, which broke from her moorings during the gale of Saturday, and drifted into the bay, was taken in tow on Sunday, by Capt. Alexander Dunham, and brought to the wharf.

The death of Mr. Greeley is the first instance in our history of a Presidential candidate dying before the electors have met to declare their votes. What the Greeley electors will do in the present case has not been decided on, but it is suggested by many papers that they cast their votes for Gen. Grant. The *Nashville Banner* says:—"Let the South avail itself of the opportunity to make the vote for Grant unanimous, in the spirit of that cause of reconciliation of which Mr. Greeley was, while living, and to the latest moment of his useful life, a heroic and eloquent exponent."

This would be a practical shaking of hands, which would have a very harmonizing and reconciling effect. His unanimous choice by the electoral college would be a fair recognition of the public sentiment which declared in his favor by so large a majority, and would tend more to create an era of good feeling in politics than anything else.

Miss Ida Greeley sells at auction on Saturday a large part of the stock and farming utensils of the Chappaqua farm. Only a pair of horses is to be kept, and the farm is to be put down almost wholly to grass, both for convenience and economy's sake.

The Gipp's Land (Australia) papers state that the cold weather which was experienced in that antipodal territory on the 5th of August last was the most severe, and the quantity of snow which fell the greatest that has been felt or known in the district during twenty years past.

It is said that the recent failures among the fish dealers of Boston will bring as much distress upon the fishermen of Cape Ann and Cape Cod as the fire did in Boston.

Ten American locomotives have already been forwarded to fill orders from Russia, and the Baldwin factory has just received a contract for nine more to be put on a railway in Finland.

Seven thousand barrels of apples will be shipped to England from Annapolis, N. S.

During the last year 20,000 slaves have been exported from the eastern coast of Africa.

Brick have advanced 15 to 20 per cent. since the Boston fire, and the dealers are now asking \$18 per 1000.

A Wisconsin man who bet his brewery, horse and farm on the election, has just moved out according to agreement.

A boy, born on the Union Pacific railroad's western bound train, near a little town in Utah Territory, has been named "Ulysses Pacific."

The Valley Congregational church, a wooden structure on Harris avenue, Providence, occupied for missions and Sunday school purposes, was destroyed by fire, which broke out just as the Sunday school had assembled Sunday. Loss about \$7000.

Sweden, Spain and Japan have adopted our school system.

An Ohio schoolmaster, who gets \$12 a month and finds himself, has written a note to the school trustees expressing doubts of his ability to find himself much longer.

CONFIRMED.—Miss Sarah M. Bearse, of this town, has been confirmed as a teacher in the Everett School, at Dorchester.

Mr. George R. Coffin captured a porpoise on Monday last, near the head of Miacomet pond, measuring over five feet in length.

A GIFT.—We learn that some of the friends of Rev. Mr. Hosmer, have this week presented him with a purse containing about \$120.

There will be Vesper services at the Unitarian Church to-morrow evening.

Horace Greeley's daughter Ida was engaged to a naval officer named Maxwell, who was lost in the ill-fated steamer Missouri about the same time she was called to mourn the death of her mother. Now lover, mother and father have gone, all within the space of a brief month.

A portion of the horse railroad at the Vineyard is to be built before the commencement of travel next season.

A Portuguese brass band, numbering thirty-two pieces, has been organized in New Bedford.

The Old Colony Railroad has declared a dividend of \$3.50 a share, payable on January 1st.

A HINT TO NURSES.—You know what a racket is caused, even by the most careful hand, in supplying coals to a grate or stove, and how, when the performance is undertaken by the servant, it becomes almost distracting. If you do not remember, take notice the first time you are ill, or you have a dear patient in your care, or the baby is in a quiet slumber. Let some one bring in her coal scuttle or her shovel, and revive your recollection. Well,

the remedy we suggest is to put the coals in little paper bags, each holding about a shovelful. These can be laid quietly on the fire, and, as the paper ignites, the coals will softly fall in place. You may fill a coal scuttle or a box with these parcels, ready for use. For a sick room, a nursery at night, or even for a library, the plan is admirable. Just try it. Besides it is so cleanly. If you do not choose to provide yourself with paper bags you can wrap the coals in pieces of newspaper at your leisure, and have them ready for use when occasion requires.

An item has been going the rounds of the papers in this vicinity, to the effect that Mr. George B. Coffin, of Tuckernuck, was missing and that serious fears were entertained for his safety. We presume the foundation of it was that his son, Mr. Henry C. Coffin, had been missing some weeks ago, but he afterwards turned up all right. Mr. Coffin, Senior, has not been missing at all that we are aware of; and we are happy to inform all readers that we have seen him in the flesh since the report was put in circulation.

REAL ESTATE.—We learn that an association of business men from Worcester have purchased large tracts of land at "Great Neck" with a view of building cottages and making other improvements. It is possible that "Madaket" may yet rival the Cliff and the South Shore as a popular place of summer resort.

THE BOSTON FIRE.—We have received from W. H. Chandler & Co., No. 21 Cornhill, a copy of "The full account of the Great Fire and the Ruins," containing thirty engravings. Twenty-five cents per copy.

SEA CLAMS.—Fifty-nine dories were off after sea clams on Monday last. The average is about twelve bushels per boat.

TOUGH TURKEYS.—An old man who was noted through the town for his stuttering as well as for his shrewdness in making a bargain, stopped at a grocery store and inquired:—"How m-m-many t-t-turkeys have you g-g-got?" "Eight sir," replied the grocer. "T-t-tough or t-tender?" "Some are tough and some are tender," was the reply. "I k-k-keep b-b-boarders," said the new customer. "P-pick out the f-f-four t-t-toughest ones, if you p-p-please." The delighted grocer very willingly complied with the unusual request and said in his politest tone: "These are the tough ones, sir." Upon which the purchaser coolly put his hand upon the remaining four, and exclaimed: "I'll t-take th-th-these!"

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript makes the following suggestion, which will ever prevent such terrible conflagrations as have visited Chicago and Boston. He says:

"Let crude potash be placed inside the steam fire engines, so that the water as it passes over the potash will dissolve, and take up a portion of it. Wherever that water touches, it will put out the fire instantly, and will note rekindle again by the surrounding excessive heat!"

RELIGIOUS.—A Christmas service will be held at the Unitarian Church to-morrow morning. Subject of Sermon, "God in Humanity." There will be a Sunday-School Concert in the evening.

Our European correspondent, Mr. Thurlow Weed Barnes, is again in town on a visit, and has made us a pleasant call, looking all the better for his tour of foreign travel.

Rev. J. H. Temple, pastor of the Unitarian Church, in this town, was ordained at Rev. Mr. Tilden's Church in Boston, on Sunday evening last.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1872.

DIED.

In this town, on Saturday last, after painful illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, Sophronia, widow of the late Joseph T. Worth, aged 78 years and 4 months.

In this town, on Sunday last, Capt. Henry Cottle, aged 83 years.

In this town, on Monday last, Miss Mary Ray, aged about 77 years.

In this town, on Tuesday last, Mr. Daniel M. Coffin, aged 56 years, 3 months and 6 days.

In New Bedford, twelfth month second, at the residence of her daughter, L. M. Greene, Eunice Mitchell, aged 97 years and 2 months.

In Wilmington, N. C., 5th inst., Mrs. Caroline F., relict of the late L. C. Turner, and daughter of John C. Wood, Esq., formerly of this town, aged 40 years and 5 months.

In New York City, 5th inst., Rebecca H., widow of the late Frederick Gardner, formerly of this town, aged 70 years.

Lost at sea, near Valparaiso, Capt. Alfred C. and James F. Ray, sons of the late Capt. Benjamin Ray, of this town.

We have one case of varioloid in town, the patient having arrived here from abroad last week. The red flag is flying from the house on Orange St., and measures have been taken to prevent communication; though quite a number of persons had been exposed before the nature of the disease had been fully determined. We learn that the case assumes a mild form, and that the patient is doing well.

SNOW STORM.—The first genuine snow storm of the season came off on Thursday. The high wind which prevailed during the afternoon and evening drifted it so much that no sleighing could be got out of it. The boat left for Woods Hole as usual, but did not return in consequence of the storm.

Auction Sales.

BY A. M. MYRICK.

Assignees' Sale.

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 16th day of December next, at 10 o'clock, A.M., at salesroom, a certain promissory note for \$220.03, dated April 18th, 1866, signed by Joseph Castro, and payable on demand, with interest, to Freeman E. Adams; together with a mortgage of even date, given to secure said note, on the house and land formerly known as the homestead of said Castro, which is situated in Nantucket, on the south side of the road or street leading to the Eastern mill. Said mortgage will be found duly recorded with Nantucket Deeds, Vol. 59, page 127.

n^o 30—3t By order of the Assignees of F. E. Adams.

Real Estate at Auction.

(GUARDIAN'S SALE.)

WILL be sold at Public Auction, on Monday, the 16th day of December next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in front of Sales Room, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of the late Charles H. Clark:—The homestead of the late Charles H. Clark, situated in Darling Street; perfect title guaranteed; including all the right which Edward A. Clark, minor, has in said property, which right is also hereby advertised to be sold at same time and place, by virtue of a license from the Probate Court.

MARY P. CLARK, Guardian.

Nantucket, Nov. 23, 1872.

For Sale or To Let.

THE dwelling house on Hussey St., owned and formerly occupied by the late Samuel B. Swain. Said house is in good repair, has a cistern and furnace, is fitted with gas fixtures, and is in every respect convenient for a small family. Apply to JOSEPH MITCHELL.

DISASTER.—Schooner H. Means, of Stockton, Me., Capt. Kneeland, from Bangor bound to Rondout, with a cargo of staves, ran ashore on the North side of Tuckernuck about 5 P.M., on Thursday, during the snow storm. Crew safe. Capt. Kneeland arrived in town yesterday with Mr. Sandsbury and others from Tuckernuck. The vessel was then reported tight, and a party of men has been sent with Capt. A. B. Dunham in his large boat, to assist in saving property and getting the vessel off if possible.

INSURANCE.

The subscriber continues to effect

FIRE INSURANCE

IN

RELIABLE COMPANIES,

JOSEPH B. SWAIN.

as heretofore.

11th mo. '30

SINGULAR FATALITY.—The distressing intelligence was received here on Saturday last of the loss by shipwreck and drowning, of two brothers, Capt. Alfred Ray and James F. Ray, natives of this town, and sons of the late Capt. Benjamin Ray. This makes four sons of one family who have died far away from home, all in the prime of young manhood; three of the four by accidents incident to the seaman's life. The two young men thus so suddenly swept away, both in the same vessel, were the chief support of a widowed mother, who is left to mourn their loss.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A VALUABLE WEDDING GIFT.—One evening last week, a young lady and gentleman residing in this city were united in the bonds of matrimony. The bridegroom's father lives in another town, and being well to do in this world's goods, determined to give the young couple a present entirely worthy of the occasion. Not enjoying good health at the time, he sent it to the city by his wife and daughter safely deposited in a small travelling bag. The two ladies went into a jewelry store on Purchase street to make some purchases, but on going out forgot the bag, which they left laying on the counter. Soon remembreeing it however they turned back, but to their amazement, the bag was not to be found, nor did any one in the store know anything about it. All efforts to find it were vain, and to this time its disappearance is a mystery. The contents were a \$200 check on the Merchants' Bank of this city, and a \$1000 seven per cent. Burlington & Missouri river railroad bond.—N. B. Mercury.

It is less than nineteen years since the United States succeeded in opening the hermetically sealed doors of Japan, and effecting a treaty of commerce with that peculiar nation. Is was nine years after that before the Japanese gave signs of adopting any of the elements of western civilization; but since then they have introduced into their country the steam engine, the telegraph, and a national system of education; all steps on the road to freedom; which prepared the way for the great change that has followed; the removal of power from the hereditary nobles and investing it in the Mikado and his ministers. The last mail brings the announcement that next month an elective Parliament is to be established. This is to consist of 600 members and there are to be two houses, but whether both will be elective was not known when the mail left; but the statement is explicit that the Mikado and his ministers have determined that henceforth the people shall have a voice in public affairs. For the past three years there has been a Parliament, so called, composed of fifty nominated members, with a President at their head.

There have been no less than 157 vessels dispatched from San Francisco, laden with wheat, for foreign countries, since July 1, of the present year, up to December 5. These ships carried away 4,920,462 centals of wheat, valued at \$7,297,515. Probably as many ships will yet be required to take away the remaining surplus of wheat as have already cleared. The little fleet of gold hunters which went around Cape Horn 23 years ago, is in striking contrast with this great fleet of wheat-laden ships now sailing in the opposite direction.

Gen. Sherman has written to Mr. William Gray, of Boston, touching the matter of rebuilding Boston, in which he recommends an imitation of London in at least one particular, viz: "To store the great bulk of goods at strong, plain warehouses, out of the city, as it were, at docks or convenient wharves, leaving for the stores in town merely sample goods. Boston is admirably placed for this."

"We've got something new at our house," gleefully exclaimed a Portland errand boy one day last week as he entered the store where he was employed. "What is it?" blandly inquired the clerk, thinking, perhaps, it was a baby or something of the kind. "O, my sister's all broke out with small-pox," was the delighted reply. The firm have secured the services of a new errand boy.

A young fellow in Kentucky goes to prison for ten years for aiding and abetting an illegal marriage. He and two others imposed upon a simple girl by pretending to marry her to one of their number, the second acting as a minister in pronouncing the ceremony, while the third witnessed it. One of the others fled and the remaining one was acquitted.

Inquirer and Mirror.

NANTUCKET.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1872.

MARRIED.

In this town, 25th inst., by Rev. Mr. Temple, Mr. Benjamin F. Jones, of Charlestown, to Miss Annie Louis, daughter of Capt. Thomas Brown, of this town.

At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Thomas J. Herring to Althea T. Butters of Exeter, Me.

DIED.

In this town, 20th inst., Miss Mary Ann Moore (colored), aged 68 years.

In East Sandwich, 23d inst., Mrs. Cynthia D. Wyer, wife of Charles H. Wyer, formerly of this town, aged 64 years and 6 months.

WEATHER AND MAILS.—Our communications have been interrupted since our last, by an accident to Steamer Island Home, causing her to start a considerable leak, in consequence of which she lost her regular trip on Saturday last. On Sunday, she was to have left early but was detained by the gale. She took the sloop Tawtemco in tow on Monday morning, and went to Woods Hole, where some temporary repairs were made, and on Tuesday evening, she returned, bringing mails and passengers, and towing the sloop. Wednesday morning, she fought her way out again through the ice which was then making fast, since which our eyes have not been gladdened with a sight of her. The ice continued making fast the night after she left here; and on Thursday we had the most furious snow-storm of the season which lasted all day and a part of the night. We are both snow-bound and ice-bound, with a decided Arctic flavor about everything around us.

The view from our office-windows yesterday was like a picture from Dr. Kane's Voyages, wanting only an Esquimaux or two to make it complete. A force of men, under the superintendence of the Town Fathers, were hard at work, trying, not so much to clear away the snow, as to regulate and distribute it. The high wind of Thursday night had made terrible work, and some of us got more than enough of a good thing, while others, our neighbors, were defrauded of their fair share.

Mr. William H. Chase was treated to an involuntary cold bath on Tuesday evening last, by falling overboard at the Steamboat wharf. But luckily, help was close at hand, and he was soon landed again, but little the worse for his icy immersion.

The Middleborough Gazette advocates the establishment of a savings bank in that town.

The Danbury Newsman says: "If you have occasion to use a wheelbarrow, leave it when you are through with it in front of the house with the handles towards the door. A wheelbarrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man will fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it, either; for it will tangle his legs and arms, turn over with him, and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn and scoops more skin off of him, and he continues to evolute anew and bump himself in fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheelbarrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it cannot upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheelbarrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting curse on true dignity."

10-14-1882

"M. N." in Woman's Journal.

A Lady Doctor at Nantucket.

[This letter was not written for publication, but we have obtained leave to print it with the omission of names. The writer is a successful New York physician, and the fact that an ancestress of hers was a doctor so long ago, when women doctors were almost unknown, seemed worthy of record.]

I arrived here safely about 7, P. M., after a very dusty ride on the cars, and a delightful sail of thirty miles.

The view before us, as we entered the harbor, was very beautiful. The town is arranged like an amphitheatre around the harbor—half a circle. You see first the church spires, then the quaint houses in gray and white, relieved by the green trees, just enough to give a very fine effect, particularly as we saw it with the rays of the setting sun streaming over it. There was not a ripple in the water; a few yachts were lying at anchor, and they, with the town, were reflected in it. A beautiful picture, very quiet and restful in coloring; not a bright shade in all the town—and not a "Queen Anne!"

The first thing upon reaching the wharf, our attention was attracted by a little man blowing a very large fish-horn with all his might, and then screaming something at the top of his voice, none of us could understand what; but a former visitor coming up, informed us very patronizingly that we should when we became more accustomed to it. I noticed that he did not seem to comprehend what was said. We learned that the little man was the town crier, and were told that his office was for the quick dissemination of news, and for purposes of advertising.

In my guide-book was a list of boarding-houses. I selected several, took a hark at the landing, and was taken in at the first, but sent to another house to room. Did not like it, but found later that it was the order of the day. Hotels and boarding-houses were crowded, in most of them rooms engaged weeks ahead. The enterprising ones engaged all the private houses and increased their number of tables at home, so that they do a large business, though having but small houses. None of the hotels are larger than a good private house. I had a large room, spring bed and hair-mattress, and not far from the place where I took my meals. I heard next morning that many did not get rooms till late at night.

The next morning I drove about the town and outskirts, which I found very interesting. It is really like no other place. My driver was a native, a very simple fellow, but with a deal of common sense. He said he had a farm out of town, but seeded it down to grass, and devoted himself and his horses to "the strangers." He "could make more off them than his land,"—sufficient to keep him the rest of the year. Upon inquiring if he knew anything of my mother's people, he pointed to a man just passing, who would be sure to, or if he did not, some of his family would. Stopping the carriage, he made known my wishes. The gentleman was a Quaker, and very cordial; he told the driver to take me to his aunt —. She was much interested in the genealogy of the old people.

She received me very kindly. She is a woman of culture and means. As soon as she learned my errand, she went to her desk and took out several large books, in which she had kept the records of all the old people, from the time of their first coming to the island until within a few years. She is now over eighty, and had neglected it of late, finding it too much work. Her books were arranged after the manner of town records, and beautifully written. I find that many of the people here have devoted much time to such work. It is remarkable with what familiarity they talk of people and events of the seventeenth and eighteenth, and early part of the present century.

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Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

30

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Well, she showed me the record of all my mother's family, from the time of —, one of the nine who bought the island from Thomas Mayhew of Martha's Vineyard for thirty pounds and two beaver hats, one for himself and one for his wife, till they left the island. Now think of it! all that record kept only for her own amusement! Later, when she asked me about the doings of our family since leaving the island, and learned I was a doctor, she looked pleased, and said medicine was a field in which she was glad to have women working. She made many inquiries, and was much pleased to have me enter into the particulars of the work that was now being done.

There is a railroad leading directly across the island to the ocean side, called the "Surf side." I came over here to-day, and am writing while I watch the surf rolling in, three or four feet high. I do not need to say I am enjoying it; the air is delicious.

The town crier passed this morning just after breakfast. Strange to say, he stammered badly, but we could understand "An auction to-day"—"Ball this evening,—Ladies free" and several other items, all local.

But I have just discovered the nicest thing yet. The gentleman I board with is also a genealogist, and he gave me some new facts this morning. My oldest grandmother of whom there is any record was noted for her knowledge of medicine and of diseases. When the nine purchasers moved here, they gave her husband land and other inducements to settle here, in order to have her come. She was a mid-wife, but wonderfully learned for her time, and for many years was the only medical person on the island. That pleased me better than all the rest, and he added, "so you see how you come by your interest in medicine."

JUST IN TIME.—Thursday, Marcus Howes went up harbor fishing, anchoring his boat well off shore. After a while he started in a small skiff to land, but the wind being strong, he fell astern, and when about half a mile from his boat the frail craft capsized. The accident was witnessed by John Fisher, Jr., and his brother Joseph G. Fisher, from the shore, and jumping into their own boat, and cracking on sail, they headed for the spot, although in imminent danger of capsizing themselves. As Howes, who had been down twice, came to the surface again, the boat was upon him, and as she went dashing by, a ready hand caught him. He was drawn on board, and subsequently taken to the house of Samuel Cook, at Wauwinet, where he was with difficulty brought to. It was a close escape from Davy Jones's locker, and the prompt action of the rescuing party is deserving of the highest commendation, they being just in the nick of time.

A YOUTHFUL SPRITE.—The story is told that a gentleman passing through New Lane, between the North Cemetery yards, a few evenings since, was somewhat startled by the appearance of a white-clad object flitting back and forth from yard to yard, occasionally, as it appeared in the darkness, flying a short distance into the air and lighting gracefully a few feet from the starting point. As the gentleman took but little stock in superhuman things, he followed the "spirit" up, but so rapidly did it move that he was unable to overtake it. Next day, having obtained an inkling of who and what the strange object was, he called upon a lad living in the north section of the town, and accused him of acting the role of ghost, which was acknowledged, the youth explaining the mystery of his aerial flights, stating that he carried a clothes-pole, by the aid of which he made long, high leaps. The gentleman talked seriously to the boy, and the New Lane "ghost" will doubtless appear no more. But the originality in that lad is rather pleasant to contemplate, after all.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

Inquirer and Mirror.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter.

PERSONAL.—Mr. F. J. Crosby and wife have gone to the continent for a brief pleasure trip.

We regret to learn of the illness of Mr. Thomas H. Soule, Jr., of the Sherburne House.

Fred. Clark, clerk at the American House this season, is going to open a hat and cap store in Lynn.

Prof. E. A. Fay has returned to his duties at Washington, D. C., after a very enjoyable season spent upon our island.

Mr. Charles F. Coffin is at Riverside, R. I., superintending the taking down of the Surf-side Land Company's hotel property, and arranging for having it transported to this place.

Charles E. Veeder, formerly an employe in this office, leaves Boston soon for Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Daniel Vincent left town for San Francisco on Thursday's steamer.

RUSHING BUSINESS.—Mr. Charles H. Robinson has the sills for twelve cottages laid out at Sconset, under which the piers are being built.

We are tempted to recur to the subject which we discussed a few weeks since, and to ask again, "What shall we eat and drink?" It has been quite the thing of late to warn each other against the dangerous practice of drinking liquids with our meals, and especially since the advent of Dr. Beardsley among us last winter, we know that some of our friends have nearly choked themselves in the effort to swallow their solid food in a dry state. Nay, we think some of the more impulsive and credulous fondly imagined that they had found the very elixir of life in this process of abstinence from drinks, whether intoxicating or otherwise. But alas! now comes Dr. Webber with a paper read before a medical society in Boston, in which he urges that the free use of water during meals is highly beneficial, and expresses the opinion that a large percentage of people drink too little. On reading this we at once drank the health of Dr. Webber, and washed the old belief down our thirsty throat with a sigh of relief. We are not of those who, carried away with each new theory, rush to the pump, and fill themselves with cold water, night and morning, but we notify all whom it may concern, that we have no idea of enduring the agonies of martyrdom in trying to eat baker's gingerbread against time under iron-clad prohibitory restrictions; but intend hereafter to take a drink of water, or some other innocent fluid, just when we feel like it. We have no faith that we shall thus find the fountain of youth, but we shall aim to hit the happy medium between hydrophobia and hydromania.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

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9580 3363 4804 8169

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

22305 2740 3450 6140

Coaches were first used in England in 1568.

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Have You Ever Thought

What it signifies to have the head of a national or state ticket bear the names of men of calibre—men of brains, men of the best business qualities—which means so much to the people. In the present political campaign, the Republicans have selected for their standard-bearer the HON. CURTIS GUILD, JR., who has a record that is too favorably known for comment to be necessary. But his political lieutenant should be a man endowed with the sterling qualities that have made up Mr. Guild's success in the position the latter will vacate for advancement. The voters will be called upon to make this selection, and in the person of EBEN S. DRAPER, of Hopedale, they will find a man worthy of their confidence—a man thoroughly qualified through wide experience in both financial and business interests—who will not fail to be an able adviser to the chief executive in whatever problems may arise calling for good business judgment. They will find in him a man with the courage of his convictions, who will stand for what he may deem honest and for the best interests of the people of this commonwealth. He is a man whose business and financial career is proof of his ability and worth, and in the selection of DELEGATES TO THE STATE CONVENTION, these facts should be kept closely in mind by every voter who is desirous of an honest administration of state affairs. Be on hand to

Vote for GUILD and DRAPER

Delegates at the Republican Caucus, TONIGHT, in John B. Chace Hall, at 7.30 o'clock.

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10-14-1882

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chine candidate nor an anti-machine candidate, but a Republican candidate, representing, I hope, Republicans of all sorts, conditions and shades of opinion.

There is one matter that has appeared in some of the papers that I desire to correct, and that was a statement that I was to become a resident of Boston. I never have been a resident of Boston. I was born in Hopedale, Mass., in Worcester County, have lived there all my life, and hope to live there till I die. Much as I respect Boston, I have no desire to leave Worcester county, and neither do I desire to have any impression created that I am a Boston man, because I am not.

I also noticed that several gentlemen were referred to as friends of mine who are connected with some so-called machine. The machine with which these gentlemen are connected is to my mind, purely imaginary, but I can only say that if the gentlemen are correctly reported, I am very much obliged to them for their good opinion and shall value their support.

Again I want to say that, if in the judgment of the Republicans of the state, I should be considered a strong candidate and a help to the ticket, and they should favor me with the nomination for lieutenant-governor, I should accept the nomination with pleasure, and would do my best to help the ticket to win.

EBEN S. DRAPER.

Hopedale, April 13, 1905.

[Editorial from the Milford, Mass., Daily Journal, (Republican) April 14, 1905.]

IT SHOULD BE LIEUT.-GOV. EBEN S. DRAPER.

In a characteristically manly and direct letter, Hon. Eben S. Draper elsewhere in this issue makes plain his attitude in reference to the Republican nomination for lieutenant-governor this year, a nomination the Daily Journal most ardently expects, in company with his great number of political and personal friends, will be bestowed upon him as one most worthy of such a distinguished party honor.

The party will honor itself by his selection, for he has

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We congratulate the party on possessing so excellent and exemplary a standard bearer to whom, in no small degree, is due the party's stand for a gold plank at St. Louis in 1896, at the national convention, where he was one of the great leaders among the delegates.

His great philanthropy and his approachable cordiality with all, add much to his local popularity and well typify his kindly, generous spirit.

Extract from the Milford Daily News, (Democratic) of June 23rd, 1905.

We are also of the opinion that Milford people, irrespective of party affiliation, would like to see the Republican Lieutenant-Governor nomination come to their Hopedale friend and benefactor. If it does, Milford will give the Hon. E. S. Draper a bigger vote on election day than any candidate for a state office ever received in the history of the town.

Issued by the Eben S. Draper Campaign Committee,

SEWARD W. JONES, Chairman.

FRANK L. DEAN, Secretary.

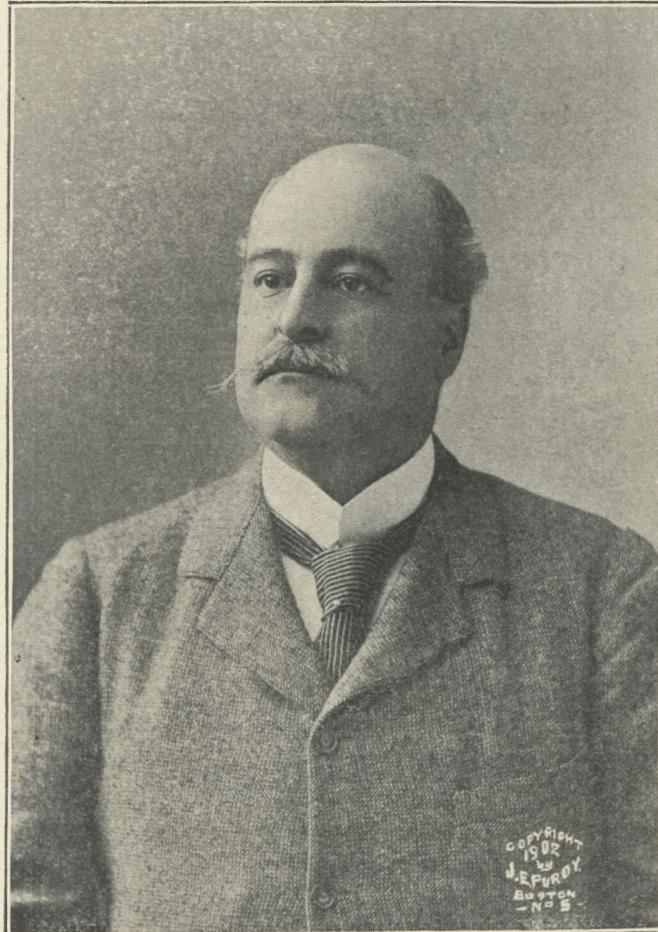
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